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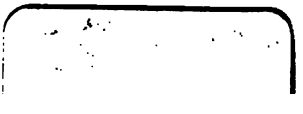

MEMORIALS

OF

WILLIAM JONES,

OF THE

Religious Tract Society.

COMPILED FROM HIS PRIVATE PAPERS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

BY HIS ELDEST SON.

LONDON:
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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YEARS.

'Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood.'

'THE memoirs of our departed friends are valuable only as they contain a faithful record of their excellences and defects, and a full development of their opinions upon important points. An intimate acquaintance with a beloved friend may so enthrone him in our affections that there may be considerable danger of his excellences being too highly estimated, or of the blemishes of his character being unintentionally overlooked. A

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partial or prejudiced statement, also, renders a memoir of little value to the reader who consults it either for information or for personal improvement.'

It is now twenty years ago since the subject of this present memoir commenced with these sentiments an account of the life and labours of his revered friend and pastor, the Rev. Rowland Hill. In his own case the opinions thus expressed have especial weight. The task of presenting a sketch of his own life has devolved upon those over whose eyes filial affection may well be presumed to throw a veil, so that they may not be so discriminating as others with regard at least to the faults of a much-loved parent. It is fortunate, therefore, that, at the suggestion of some members of his family, he had been in the habit of committing to writing from time to time the principal incidents in his life, and recording his impressions and opinions on points of the deepest interest. Written at intervals, snatched from the active pursuits of his busy life, and often during hours that ought to have been given to rest, the manuscript contains an unreserved expression of his inmost thoughts and feelings. Intending no stranger eye to peruse its pages, and bequeathing it as a precious legacy to his children, he tells them, with all the undisguised confidence of a

loved and loving father, the tale of his life. Its opening sentences are a faithful index to the spirit in which it is written. 'The history of most persons will furnish abundant evidence of the loving kindness and tender mercies of the Lord. I am sure this has been evident in my own case. I wish to leave a few particulars of the way in which I have been led, not to promote personal vanity, but for the benefit and instruction of my children. Events may be interesting to them which will be altogether without interest to others. When I look back on the days that are past, how much cause have I for deep humility and fervent gratitude,—humility, when I remember the troubled waters through which in my childhood my beloved parents had to pass,—and gratitude, when I consider the marvellous way in which God in his providence interfered in my behalf, and all along has encompassed me with his mercies.'

As far, therefore, as it is possible, the subject of this memoir shall be the expositor of his own opinions:—the narrative of a father's life shall be told in his own simple and truthful language.

WILLIAM JONES was born at Battersea, in the neighbourhood of London, on the 15th day of April, 1795, and was baptized at Clapham Church, on the 17th of June following. His father was a native of Gloucestershire, his family being re-

When he was but six years old, an incident occurred which had a material influence on the future of his after-life. Returning with his father and a friend from a visit to the neighbourhood of Battersea, the carriage in which they were riding was accidentally overturned; the driver running against a post at the corner of Lane leading into the high road. His father was seriously injured with a compound fracture of the right thigh. A long course of suffering ensued. For two years he was confined to his

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sidents in the vicinity of the Forest of Dean; his mother was Mary Winkworth, one of the children of a worthy man, who resided in Lambeth, and realized some property. Of the days of his early childhood there are but few records left; hardly any that can have even a passing interest, except to the members of his own family. His parents, with the view to make better provision for their children, entered upon a business, and, for a time, were prosperous. But, though moral and upright, they had no real love for 'the things belonging to their peace.' Young as was their first-born, and much loved and cherished by them both, they took not sufficient heed to keep him from the scenes of temptation. As yet they understood not the duty of 'training up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

When he was but six years old, an incident occurred which had a material influence on the whole of his after-life. Returning with his father and a friend from a visit to the neighbourhood of Battersea, the carriage in which they were riding was accidentally overturned; the driver running against a post at the corner of a lane leading into the high road. His father was seriously injured with a compound fracture of the right thigh. A long course of suffering ensued. For two years he was confined to his

bed, and could only be moved by means of boards placed beneath him, and then lifted by powerful men. It is not difficult to foresee the result of so protracted an affliction. Borne down by the large expenses necessarily incident to his illness, and enduring repeated losses from inability to give personal attendance to the conduct of his business, he saw his means sadly diminished. In fact, all that a family, now numbering four children, had at last to depend on for their support, was derived from a portion of the rents of some houses in Lambeth, to which the mother was entitled jointly with a sister and brother.

The remarks contained in the record whence these particulars have been gleaned must not be omitted:—'Dark as the prospect seemed at first, yet it was one of great brightness in the issue. When I look back to this period of my life, now fifty years ago, I have indeed cause to say, "Surely all the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth; He leads his people by the only safe paths." That chamber of affliction was often the scene of much interest. My father passed his time in reading. His attention was directed to suitable books by my much-esteemed aunt, Mrs. Limden, a pious and truly-devoted woman, the sister of my mother. Among the books that

were read was "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." I believe the work was useful to my father. He committed the prayers to memory, and frequently repeated them. Very often have I sat at my father's side in the evening, as he lay on his bed of affliction, and listened to his recital of such matters as he thought might afford me interest or instruction, gathered from any book he might have been reading.'

It will readily be conceived that, during this period of depression, there were but slender resources available for the purpose of education. This duty, however, was not entirely neglected. The firstborn, William, in whom, even at this early age, the hopes of his fond parents seem to have centred, was sent to a school in the neighbourhood, where he received the elements of an English education. The discipline of the school seems to have been one of great severity. The system of annual rewards was simple and economical. All the boys who had behaved well and attended to their duties were allowed once, during the summer, to walk with the master round his garden, look at the flowers, and pluck one for personal use and adornment.

A year or two has passed away, and we find him, before he had completed his twelfth year,

engaged as clerk in the office of Mr. Rogers, a young attorney, whose chambers were in Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street. His own reflections on this, his first situation in life, are too interesting to be omitted.—'I found my employer a tall man, but kind and gentle in his manners. He gained my confidence at our first interview. Nearly half a century has passed away since the day I entered on my new employment, but all the little circumstances of that memorable morning remain clearly and indelibly impressed on my mind. I had an office to myself. The effort to get on the high office-stool was rather a great one for such a stripling, and, when safely seated, I had some apprehension of the danger of being dethroned. My pen and ink, my paper-case, and all needful apparatus, were duly furnished, and then came my first paper to copy. It was a short decree of the Court of Chancery. The very formation of my first letters seems to come before me. The day passed happily, and no language can describe the scene when I arrived at home. With grateful interest my beloved parents listened to all my news, and I felt a thrill of joy at the thought of being able to procure for them some little additional comforts. Oh! we must pass through scenes of affliction to know the feelings that occupied our minds that

night. The thick clouds were passing away—our path appeared to be bright and cheerful.'

There were few incidents of interest in the daily routine of the young lawyer's office. To him his new engagements afforded constant delight, particularly the attendance at the Equity courts. He always listened with deep interest to 'the calm, clear, and convincing judgments' of Sir William Grant, the then Master of the Rolls. No doubt it was at this early period of his life that he laid the foundation of those habits of business, and of the power of forming correct and dispassionate judgments on all matters that were brought before him, that proved in after years so useful to himself and others.

Better things, however, than merely temporal blessings were in God's providence in store for him. A variety of circumstances, each seemingly trifling in itself, gradually prepared him for an open confession of the Saviour before men. His aunt, Mrs. Limden, in repeated interviews, sought to win his affections for heavenly things. Her conversation was good; she gave him a variety of suitable books,[1] impressed on him the duty of regular attendance on the means

[1] In a letter written about this time, he specifies 'Janeway's Token for Children,' and 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted,' as having left deep impressions on his mind.

of grace, and to her efforts added her earnest prayers to God in behalf of her young and much loved nephew.[1] Moreover the person who had charge of Mr. Rogers' offices was a godly woman, and her kind attentions to the comforts of the youth lent much weight to the few words which occasionally passed between them on subjects that had reference to his eternal welfare. More than all, she was the first to interest him in those missionary efforts in which ever afterwards he took so much delight.

'At this time,' he writes, 'I was almost a stranger to the operations of our missionary societies. Mrs. Blundell, our housekeeper, spoke to me about them, and informed me that one of the great sermons for missions was soon to be preached at the Tabernacle, in Moorfields. I determined

[1] In a letter written in 1822, in which he mentions the recent decease of his mother, he alludes thus beautifully to his aunt:—'My beloved mother has entered into her rest. Her death was lingering; but she was resigned to her heavenly Father's will, and has ascended, I doubt not, to his eternal throne. She was a silent Christian. She said little, but felt much. The poor body was well nigh worn out; but a short time before she left it, she was enabled to bear her witness to the Saviour's mercy, and in the assurance (though not, perhaps, the *full* assurance) of hope, she entered into the presence of the Lord. Thus *have I lost both my mothers*—my *aunt was* one; she was the guide of my youth: she first directed my wandering steps heavenwards. God grant that I may meet her again in that blessed world into which she has entered.'

to attend the service. I heard a powerful address by the Rev. Mr. Allen, of Exeter, from the text, "I will work, and who shall let it?" The whole scene was new to me. It was the commencement of the interest which I had long felt for the spread of Christian truth throughout the world.'

Another agency that he thankfully recognised as very useful to him was the example and counsel of a cousin, Mr. John Winkworth; by him he was taken very frequently to hear the celebrated, but somewhat eccentric, Mr. Huntingdon, of Providence Chapel. After attending service on the Sunday evenings the cousins were accustomed to walk together and talk over the subject of the sermons to which they had been listening. These conversations were not unprofitable, and though he never felt that he received lasting good from the ministrations of Mr. Huntingdon, yet the discussions to which they gave rise kept the truths of the Gospel prominently before his mind. He was moreover deeply impressed with the conviction that in all his intercourse with his cousin, and at this time it was frequent and intimate, the great desire of his relative was to win him to a love of that Redeemer who alone could save his never-dying soul.

The most important fact, however, connected with his religious history remains to be recorded;

and here the subject of this memoir must speak for himself:—'In the year 1808 I was requested by a cousin of my mother's to go with her to Surrey Chapel to hear the Rev. Rowland Hill preach. How much depended on that invitation! How great are the results which frequently follow from apparently insignificant causes. I went, and, I remember, obtained a seat in the north gallery. I have no recollection of the sermon. The only thing I remember was the large brass ring that was then suspended in the centre of the chapel, and I was occupied in ascertaining the number of candles the ring would hold. Still, though so careless a hearer at first, my visit to this honoured house of God led, with a few exceptions, to my regular attendance there. God be praised for the results! "Of this Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her."

'During my attendance at Surrey Chapel I was frequently alarmed by the discourses I heard, and led to reflect on the danger of an unrenewed state. The appeals of the Rev. Mr. Potter, one of the occasional preachers there, much affected me. I was continually under deep convictions of sin, though these solemn impressions died away, as soon as I was exposed again to the influence of worldly associations.

'About the year 1812 I was the subject of

peculiar temptation. The faithful preaching of the Gospel became distasteful to me. I then thought that I would leave Surrey Chapel, and go to some place where the preaching was less alarming. I fixed on a church in the vicinity of my parents' residence in Westminster. I attended the service both morning and afternoon, and then prepared to spend the evening in *so-called innocent* recreation. Here let me gratefully, most gratefully, record the loving-kindness of the Lord. He did not forsake me, though I intended to forsake Him. He led me by a right way, but I knew it not. He controlled me by his Spirit. I quitted my home for the first time to leave Surrey Chapel, not being willing again to attend an evening service there. I passed over Westminster Bridge, intending to go to Vauxhall. I walked on; my mind was very unhappy; and, instead of passing on to Vauxhall, I found myself almost involuntarily advancing towards Surrey Chapel. I felt constrained to enter. I determined to take a seat close to the front door, that I might leave early. I found that the Rev. John Sibree, of Frome, was to preach. After prayer he rose. The thought at that moment entered my mind, "I would rather that he were about to close the service than to commence his sermon." Judge my sur-

prise when the preacher began his discourse in these words:—"Perhaps there may be present to-night some person who has said to himself, 'I would rather hear the minister pronounce the benediction than give out his text.'" I was rivetted by the remark. I got further into the chapel, and am not aware that I ever had a temptation to leave the chapel afterwards. Surely this was "the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The preacher pulled his bow at a venture; perhaps he never thought of his first words until he had pronounced his text—"A word spoken in season, how good it is."[1]

At the commencement of the year 1812 he was invited to become a teacher in the Sunday-school connected with Surrey Chapel. This event was another link in that chain of providential circumstances which led him so gradually to a complete dedication of self to that Lord who bought him with his own most precious blood. Employment in a Sunday-school withdrew the young inquirer from the society of the worldly, and introduced him to the friendship of those who were 'asking their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.' At the time he entered the school it was in an interesting condition. Mr. Benjamin Neale, of St. Paul's Churchyard, was

[1] See Life of Rev. Rowland Hill, p. 122.

its superintendent; and amongst the teachers were Major, afterwards Colonel, Handfield, of the Ordnance Department, and Mr. Frederick Smith, a solicitor. He was placed in charge of one of the lowest classes. He found the engagements of the school exceedingly valuable to him. Very frequently, however, the thought occurred to him, 'How can I teach others the truths I know so imperfectly myself?' It is not wonderful that in a heart so ready to receive the truth, the good seed of the word should by degrees germinate and bring forth fruit. One of the earliest results of his joining the Sunday-school was a willing determination to give up the pleasures of the world. Then his former companions were exchanged for the association of the people of God. Soon he found his highest, choicest, privilege in that throne of grace which he had so frequently neglected. His Bible, hitherto but occasionally opened, he found an invaluable treasure-house of precious truth. The House of the Lord, which he had too often attended simply from a sense of duty, he felt to be that spot more especially brightened with the presence of his Saviour, where he would fain linger as though unwilling to leave the 'gate of Heaven.' The scene before him was completely changed. 'I trust,' he writes, 'that old things had passed

away, and all things had become new. I could not, however, like some Christians, trace my change of heart from any particular period, or from any special discourse or event. A series of circumstances led me to the Lord. The books of a beloved aunt,—the faithful preaching of the word,—Christian association,—all contributed to produce the great change of being turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Perhaps the best test of Christian character and sincerity is the fruit of a holy, devoted, and active life. "By their fruits shall ye know them."'

Union with the Surrey Chapel school led him gradually to engage in public instructions. His first efforts were so discouraging, that in recalling them to his memory he often expressed his wonder that he ever overcame the difficulties connected with public speaking. He was accustomed to attend the writing class at the Surrey Chapel school on Thursday evenings. It was usual to close every meeting of the class with singing and prayer. On one occasion he was accidentally the only male teacher present; it accordingly devolved on him to dismiss the school in the usual manner. After detaining the children for some time, he went, at the request of the teacher of the girls, to the desk and gave out

a hymn. He then attempted to offer prayer, but failed. He next endeavoured to repeat the Lord's Prayer, but could only remember a short portion of it, and was obliged to conclude in the utmost confusion. He resolved secretly never to make another effort in public. It was, indeed, an unpropitious beginning, and not a little singular when contrasted with that fluency of speech and ease of address for which in after years he was so remarkable.

By degrees he was persuaded to make another attempt to take some part in the school services. His first address to children was delivered at the Mint School in the Borough; his second in Kent-street; afterwards he appeared in his own school. His first address at Surrey Chapel school was from Genesis iii. 9, 'And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?' With reference to the second of these engagements he says, 'More than thirty years after my first appearance at Kent-street, Mr. West, the superintendent, told me that an old scholar, who had died in the faith and love of Jesus, had traced his first serious impressions to my early address. God gave power to what was delivered in much weakness and trembling. To Him be all the glory!'

The duties of the Sunday-school led him natu-

rally enough to join the Sunday-school Union. He was soon appointed a member of the committee, and attended its quarterly meetings, at which were discussed subjects connected with the well-being of Sunday-schools. Here he was first introduced to his much-loved and valued friend William Freeman Lloyd, with whom he afterwards laboured for many years in the Tract Society. He was at one of the quarterly meetings held in Little Wild-street Chapel. The subject for discussion was, 'The desirableness of rewarding the children in our schools.' He felt deeply interested in the question, and, under the excitement of the moment, rose to speak. The chairman's eye, however, had first rested on another, who rose at the same time, and he sat down, grateful for his escape, and wondering much at his temerity. The speech of his predecessor being ended, despite of his efforts to avoid being called upon, he was summoned by the chairman, Mr. Lloyd, to speak. He explained his views briefly and simply, and from this time was emboldened to take part in the debates.

These were the commencing scenes of that public life for which Mr. William Jones was thus gradually, and by agencies at that time little ap-

preciated as to their ultimate tendency, being prepared and fitted. It was at the Union meetings he first knew Mr. Lloyd; through him he was first known to the committee of the Religious Tract Society; and then follows the most important engagement of his life. Our movements in life often turn upon apparently trifling circumstances; but all are under the direction of Him who is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.'

On the 1st day of June, 1812, it was his happy privilege to be admitted as a communicant at Surrey Chapel, under the pastoral care of his venerable friend, the Rev. Rowland Hill. According to custom, he appeared at a church meeting held on a Monday evening, at which Mr. Hill presided. With much fear and trembling, the stripling, then but seventeen years old, rose to offer himself for admission as a communicant. A few characteristic but kind questions, on the reasons which led him to take this step, and on the leading doctrines of the gospel, were proposed to him. To these his replies were judged to be satisfactory; and Mr. Hill, after another interview in private, felt justified in admitting him into Christian fellowship. From this moment commenced that kind and fatherly interest which

Mr. Hill always afterwards took in the welfare of the subject of this memoir, and which continued, constant and unwavering, until the good pastor himself was called to a better, even an enduring inheritance.

This important step of self-dedication to the Saviour was in many respects very beneficial to him. Obedience to the Lord's command must soon be followed by much enjoyment of the Gospel. In a letter written about this time we find the following passage:—'Since my union to the church my experience of Divine things has been changeable; sometimes I have felt love to my Redeemer and delight in his work; at other times I have been cold and lifeless in his service. I have often approached the table of the Lord with a heart full of deadness. I have felt the inward conflict, and cannot better describe the state of my mind than in the words of the Apostle, "I find then a law that when I would do good evil is present with me, for that which I do I allow not, for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that I do." And yet I hope I can say, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man." It is my desire to be made more holy, and to be daily conformed to the image of my dear Saviour.'

This holy desire, aided as it was by constant and earnest prayer to Almighty God, was abundantly fulfilled. Few were enabled, as this memoir will show, to bear throughout life a more unwavering testimony to 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' or to adorn more consistently the 'doctrine of GOD his Saviour in all things.'

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSIONARY CANDIDATE.

'I would sooner blow the trumpet of the everlasting Gospel, which proclaims mercy to a ruined world, than sound the archangel's trumpet which at the last day shall call the world to judgment.'

WE have reserved for a separate chapter, an account of what we may call an epoch in the life of the subject of this memoir. Before he completed his nineteenth year, he offered himself as a candidate for the honourable office of a missionary to the heathen. Though the wishes of his heart were, for reasons which shall be presently explained, overruled, yet he always looked back to this period of his life with much pleasure. Few have been enabled to see more completely, that it was because the Lord was fitting him for working in another portion of his vineyard, that He denied him the fulfilment of his early desire,

to make known in distant lands 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

Mention has already been made of the impression produced on his mind by attending services connected with the anniversary meetings of the London Missionary Society. His engagement at the Surrey Chapel Sunday-school, naturally brought him into connexion with many who took deep interest in the operations of the various religious institutions. By degrees he became connected with auxiliaries of the Bible, Missionary, and Religious Tract Societies. He was a member of the St. Saviour's Bible Association, and his first speech in public was delivered at one of its anniversary meetings. There are friends yet living who were present on the occasion, and who did not fail to discern, even in this his earliest effort, indications of that self-command, ready utterance, and complete mastery of his subject, which enabled him, as a public speaker in after years, to gain the interest and attention of his audience. His second attempt was at the anniversary of the Sunday School Union, at the early meeting in May, at the City of London Tavern.

Amongst his papers has been found a letter, addressed about this time to his aunt, Mrs. Limden, which shows the deep interest he felt in

all the religious movements of the day. It must be remembered that it was written by a youth, as yet but eighteen years old. He says,—

'I never spent a happier season in my life than I did at the Missionary meetings. I thoroughly enjoyed the various services that were held, and when at the public meeting I heard the Missionary Report read, I felt that this was enough to animate the coldest heart. After the sermon, at Tottenham Court Chapel, which was preached on the same evening by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, was over, Mr. Jackson, of Stockwell, took me and several others, one being a missionary proceeding to Java (Oh! that I were going with him), to his father's residence, which is in the neighbourhood, and a very pleasant time I had, I assure you. The next day, I went to Spitalfields Church, where I heard an astonishing sermon from the Rev. Mr. Matthias, of Dublin. The Rev. Rowland Hill stood on the pulpit stairs, and had you seen him, you would have thought that the dear good man would have jumped into the pulpit, he was so delighted with the sermon. He told me on the preceding Sunday what we might expect at the church, for he added, "I know what materials he is made of." On the following Sunday, he said to me, "I had hard work to keep from patting the preacher on

the back." Oh! that the Lord would fill the forsaken churches with such men as Mr. Matthias.' He adds, 'I have indeed, been privileged to spend thus days of great joy. The spirit of liberality manifested by Christians at this jubilee was surprising; all was harmony and love; one mind, one spirit, one wish, seemed to possess all in every place I attended.'

With such feelings it is not surprising that he should seek earnestly for an opportunity for engaging in the missionary work. After much prayerful consideration, he determined to offer himself as a candidate to the directors of the London Missionary Society. His parents constituted at this time the great difficulty in his way. They were now partially dependent on him, they felt the privilege of leaning on their eldest son, and would be most unwilling to consent to his leaving his native country even for the Saviour's cause. Their own minds at the time were not opposed to Christian truth, though as yet their hearts did not seem 'given fully to the Lord.' He thought it prudent at first to open his mind to his aunt, and to get her to communicate his wishes to his parents. In his letter to his aunt, after sketching the wretched state of the heathen world, he says:—'Can a Christian look on this scene without longing to be made an

instrument in the hand of the Lord in turning these idolaters from darkness to light, and from the kingdom of Satan unto God? Can he rest at ease in Zion and see so many souls perishing for lack of knowledge? Oh! that the Lord would raise up more labourers in his vineyard, for truly "the harvest is great, but the labourers are few." When I read the lives of Schwartz, Vanderkemp, Brainerd, Des-Ganges, and many others, I long to join, with those who survive, in their toils and afflictions to sound the trumpet of the everlasting Gospel, and make known the blessed news of Salvation. * * * For a long time it has been the subject of my fervent prayers to the Almighty that I may be a missionary of the cross. I have implored the Lord to take away the desire if it arises from a wrong motive, but, if otherwise, to increase it. Oh! my dear aunt, I feel it an absolute duty that I should offer my services to the Missionary Society, but I cannot muster courage to mention the matter to my dear parents. I fear it will grieve them; and yet how can they scruple at my being engaged in so glorious an employment? Really, I think, *if I had fifty sons, I should rejoice to see them all engaged in the work of the Lord.* How many youths are there who leave all to fight the battles of their king and country? Worldly parents

surrender up *their* offspring, and shall professing Christians scruple at giving up their children to fight the battles of the King of kings against the great enemy of souls? Mr. Jay once said, "I would sooner blow the trumpet of the everlasting Gospel, which proclaims mercy to a ruined world, than sound the archangel's trumpet, which at the last day shall call the world to judgment." Oh! that this love for the Gospel were implanted in many breasts. I long to be among the poor heathen, and I hope I can say unto the Lord, "Here am I, send me." * * *

'I cannot open my Bible without finding, almost on every page, a promise made by the Lord that his Gospel shall spread throughout the world. Who then would not rejoice in being made the happy instrument, under God, of bringing to pass, even in the smallest measure, the glorious purposes of his grace? I long to be engaged in this sacred employment, in order that I may be made useful to poor perishing sinners. I have read and considered the trials a missionary must endure, and hope I could say in the thought of bearing all, and leaving all, "Not unto me, not unto me, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the glory." How I long to be emancipated from the concerns of the world, that I may be prepared for this blessed profession! I know the work is aw-

fully important; it requires for its due fulfilment a mind wholly given to the Lord, and much crucified to the world; but the Lord can make the weakest creatures the depositaries of the divine treasure, that the "excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."'

His aunt did not succeed in obtaining the compliance of his parents with his wishes. Indeed, they were most unwilling; but it appeared to him to be his duty still to go forward, that he might ascertain the will of God. He accordingly requested an interview with the Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Stockwell, one of the directors of the London Missionary Society. An interview was readily granted; and after a lengthened conversation, on the subject of the missionary work generally, and of the motives that led him to the desire to be engaged in it, Mr. Jackson requested him to make a formal application, by means of a letter addressed to himself, to the directors of the London Missionary Society. 'I wish you,' were Mr. Jackson's words, 'now that I have had this friendly conversation with you, to write to me, stating the reasons you have for believing that the Lord has called you; your motives for wishing to be engaged in the missionary cause; and, more especially, your ideas with reference to the duties of one who is sent as a missionary to

the heathen. Write to me freely, and without fear—just as you would to an intimate friend who takes much interest in your present wishes. Lay open to me the feelings of your heart. At the next meeting of the directors I will communicate to them the subject of the letter.'

Thus encouraged, William Jones wrote fully to Mr. Jackson on the various points he had suggested. The result was, that he was invited in the month of September, 1813, to meet the committee of examiners of the London Missionary Society, at Mr. Hardcastle's office, 9, Old Swan Stairs, Thames-street. 'I attended the appointment,' he writes, 'with much fear and anxiety. There were several directors present. Among them were Dr. Waugh, Mr. Matthew Wilks, the present Dr. Liefchild, and Mr. Burder. The examination was rather long, and had reference to my own religious character, my views of the doctrines of the Gospel, and my motives for wishing to engage in the missionary work. At the close of the examination I retired, when the directors appointed Mr. Jackson to call on my parents, and to endeavour to obtain their consent.

'Mr. Jackson soon after had an interview with my parents, but did not succeed in his mission. I understood him to say that my father spoke in strong terms: "If it be necessary for me to sign

my consent to my son's going out as a missionary, I would more willingly place my hand on a block, and lose it, than comply with your wishes."

'I was summoned to a subsequent meeting of the directors. Dr. Waugh was in the chair. His conduct was touchingly kind. He said to me, "My dear lad, we cannot accept you as a missionary—your parents will not give their consent. We are quite satisfied with your examination, but we don't think you are quite strong enough just yet to jump over the fifth commandment."

'Thus ended this anxious matter. I am perfectly persuaded that I was prevented by the good providence of God from embarking in the great enterprise. The Lord, perhaps, had other work for me to do. I have always been glad that I offered myself to the work; and when I have looked at the little counting-house of Mr. Hardcastle from London Bridge (the place has long since been removed), I fully enter into the beautiful description given of it by my late friend, Mr. Townsend, of Bermondsey:—

'"I scarcely ever pass over London Bridge without glancing my eye towards those highly-favoured rooms appertaining to Mr. Hardcastle's counting-house, at the Old Swan Stairs, and feel-

ing a glow of pleasure at the recollection that there, the London Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, and the Hibernian Society, formed those plans of usefulness on which Divine Providence has so signally smiled. This pleasure is greatly heightened when I also recollect that in those favoured rooms was brought forth that gigantic agent of moral and spiritual good, the British and Foreign Bible Society. Those rooms, in my judgment, are second to none but those in which the disciples met after their Lord's ascension, and from whence they went forth to enlighten and bless a dark and guilty world."'

CHAPTER III.

THE LAWYER.

'If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

'The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

THE appointment of the subject of this memoir to the office of clerk to Mr. Rogers, an attorney, has been noticed in a previous chapter. For three years he continued to fulfil the duties of this situation with satisfaction to his employer and happiness to himself. At the end of that time Mr. Rogers thought it desirable to obtain a partnership in a respectable and established practice. He was directed to a Mr. Thomas Mason, and with him he formed a partnership,

and took his young clerk with him to his new scene of occupation. Their offices were in Foster-lane, Cheapside. There was a want of congeniality of disposition between the partners which was a bar to harmony of feeling, and, as a natural consequence, there was need of much forbearance on the part of those placed under them. Mr. W. Jones' time, therefore, passed heavily away, and the licentiousness of some of the clerks, whose conversation was most corrupting, was among the trials which he was called to bear. Still, by God's grace, he was stedfast to the profession which he had made, of his determination to live as one who had been redeemed with the precious blood of the Saviour. He commonly took his meals at rooms in the immediate vicinity of Paternoster-row, and during the period allowed for dinner, was accustomed to read useful and religious works. How little probability did there seem at this time of his eventually occupying the large adjoining premises as Superintendent of the Religious Tract Society.

The decease of Mr. Rogers in February 1812, caused a change in his prospects and plans. He determined no longer to continue with Mr. Mason. He mentioned his intention to his aunt, and through her obtained a letter of introduction

to Messrs. Baker and Dimond, respectable solicitors in Bedford-place. They had no vacancy among their clerks, but directed him to apply to Messrs. Dawson and Wratislaw, of Saville-place, New Burlington-street. To his great joy, he was received by them into their establishment. The remuneration was left entirely to them, and its amount was arranged to be settled after he had been a short time in their employment.

The entrance on the duties of his new situation was a deeply interesting era in his life. His stipend was twice as much as he had been accustomed to receive, and grateful indeed did he feel that now he would be enabled to procure additional comforts for his beloved parents. The business was a large one, employing no less than twenty clerks. Here again his religious principles were put to a severe test. Though he had not to complain of the gross licentiousness which he was compelled to endure in his former office on the part of his fellow-clerks, yet he did not find even one here who had any real love for the things of eternity. It was, to say the least, a perilous position, morally considered, for a youth of seventeen. The Lord, however, preserved him from falling into temptation. His progress in the office was rapid. He was soon placed

under the Common Law Clerk, and, when the latter left the office to commence business for himself, Mr. W. Jones succeeded to the vacant post. It was an anxious and laborious position. He often remained at business till after the midnight hour; and at other times took his papers home, and was at work upon them for a large portion of the night.

He began now to feel keenly the disadvantages under which he laboured for want of a more extensive education than the circumstances of his parents, as has been already narrated, enabled them to bestow on him. He felt it his duty, therefore, to improve himself as far as he could. He read much at every available opportunity, though, from want of a guide, much of his labour was comparatively useless.

That good providence of God which hitherto had so wonderfully been manifested towards him, was never more clearly exhibited than at this eventful crisis in his life. Here, as in all other cases, when God designs any important work to be accomplished by any of his servants, he fits them for the task by ways and means that to us often appear unaccountable and strange. By an incident, which we might almost call romantic, the very need felt by the subject of this memoir was supplied, and those educational

advantages afforded which enabled him afterwards to occupy that responsible position which he held for so many years in connexion with the Religious Tract Society.

The incident shall be related in his own words. 'About this time (when he was eighteen years old) a peculiarly interesting circumstance occurred, which brought me into contact with a remarkable man in whom knowledge and folly were singularly blended. He however was a most valuable guide to me; and for the kind interest he took in my welfare, I shall, till the close of my life, feel truly grateful.

'In our office we had commenced an action against a Mr. R—, who had been a schoolmaster at Dulwich. He had spent a considerable fortune, and eventually became a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench Prison in St. George's Fields. I was instructed by my employer to lodge a detainer against him, which I did by leaving the needful process with the marshal of the prison. Having done my duty, it occurred to me that it would be courteous to go into the prison and tell the poor defendant what I had done. Little was I aware of the custom of the prisoners. When they caught the attorney, or his clerk, within the walls, especially if he had been

severe in his practice, they did him the honour of plunging him into the water.

'Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise,'

I therefore went in, and found out my prisoner. On entering his room, I saw a gentleman-like man dressed in black, with a cork leg. He was rather short in stature, and marked with small-pox. He received me with politeness, and inquired my business.

'"Sir, I have just lodged a detainer against you at the suit of Messrs. M— of Cockspur-street."

'"Indeed, sir, you are a *very* polite young gentleman to bring me this news. After being in this wretched place for a long time, I hoped to leave in the morning; but now you have detained me. Well, you have only done your duty. I thank you for your call."

'In a moment I saw my mistake, and was retiring in sad confusion. Instantly his manner changed—he became kindness embodied. He inquired all about my present position and future prospects, what my early advantages had been in the way of education, what course of reading I was now pursuing. He took deep interest in my answers to his questions, and at once ex-

pressed his willingness to give me assistance in my studies. Never can I efface from my memory that remarkable interview. The very man whose liberty I had been in some degree the means of abridging, was raised up to me by the God of Providence as a friend and instructor.

'From this time I was a constant visitor to my friend at his rooms in the prison. He gave me regular instruction, and many valuable lessons on many subjects. He guided me in my reading, and with his help I made some progress in several important branches of study. In mathematics his assistance was peculiarly valuable to me. I remember well how he advised me to abridge Blackstone's Commentaries, and pointed out the plan I ought to pursue. He urged me to make some important practical law subject my constant study; and afterwards bring out, under the care of a judicious friend, a small book, which, if successful, might make my way in the profession. He gave me much information about the public men of the day, both statesmen and ministers of the Gospel. He mimicked their manner and style with great accuracy; so much so, that the first time I saw Dr. Collyer in the pulpit, I at once knew the man, though a stranger to him before, from the correct imitation I had previously listened to from Mr. R—. The attainments of

my friend were very great. He was master of several languages, he wrote a beautiful hand, he was a good singer, an excellent speaker, a fair draughtsman. He once remarked to me, "I think I have all senses but *common* sense; this last, had I possessed, it might perhaps have kept me out of a prison."

'How wonderful are the ways of God! Who could have imagined that the visit of an attorney's clerk to lodge a detainer against a prisoner would have been connected with such interesting and important results. After a long period, Mr. R— was liberated from prison. He went, I believe, to the West Indies; but I have not heard of him for many years.'

The position Mr. W. Jones now held introduced him to many pleasing scenes, and brought him, more than once, into connexion with some of the leading men of the day. His employers numbered among their clients many of the nobility. Whilst in this office, moreover, he had his first knowledge of political life. The firm were engaged in several contested elections, as the agents of various candidates who aspired to the honour of a seat in parliament. Of an election for Sussex, Mr. W. Jones makes particular mention in the memoranda he has left behind him. He found the scenes through which he was

called to pass during the election campaigns sadly distasteful to his feelings. His religious principles were again put to a severe test, and now more than ever he had to learn that difficult lesson, that a disciple of Christ Jesus, though *in* the world, is not to be *of* the world.

It was just before this contest for Sussex that Mr. W. Jones made his earliest visit to Hastings. Indeed it was his first visit to any place more than five miles from London. 'The day of my departure from home,' he writes, 'was indeed a high day. My prudent and loving father gave me many words of counsel. All was new to me. The first thatched cottage, covered with its beautiful net-work of roses and honeysuckle, was a picture I never before had witnessed. The world appeared very large to me. Charmed, indeed, was I when I arrived safely in the town of Hastings, with its neighbourhood so full of natural beauties and interesting historical associations.

'I had, however, other reasons for remembering my first visit to Hastings, inasmuch as I was here preserved from great danger by the good providence of God. I was walking on a cliff towards Lover's Seat, and observed a stile before me. Full of spirits I ran and jumped over it. When it was too late, I found

that beyond the stile the ground went rapidly and steeply down to the edge of the cliff. I had presence of mind to throw myself down on my breast. I kept sliding down, but, at length, a small projecting stone caught my waistcoat and stopped me. After some time I crawled to a spot of safety, taking the stone of mercy with me. How often have we to raise our Ebenezer as we pass through the world, and to write thereon, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."'

He continued for several years in the office of Messrs. Dawson and Wratislaw, discharging conscientiously and happily the responsible duties with which he was intrusted. The sudden decease of the latter partner, in the year 1819, caused considerable changes, the senior clerk being taken into partnership. Shortly afterwards, two of the gentlemen who had been articled in the office determined to commence business themselves. Overtures were made by Messrs. Fuller and Saltwell, the gentlemen alluded to, to Mr. W. Jones, which resulted in his joining them at their new office in Carlton Chambers, in the capacity of managing clerk. The rest is briefly told:—pleased with the services rendered, and in part as an acknowledgment of the business brought by him to the office, Mr. Fuller placed him at length in the position of an articled

pupil, and enabled him to obtain his certificate as an attorney-at-law. From these gentlemen he ever received the most considerate kindness, and he worked happily with them until, in the year 1824, he accepted the invitation of the committee of the Religious Tract Society to become permanently connected with that institution.

Mr. W. Jones, till the close of life, though his engagement with the Religious Tract Society prevented him from practising in his profession, always took out his attorney's certificate. He felt that, by exempting him from all parochial offices, juries, and other similar engagements, it enabled him always to discharge, without interruption, his home and country engagements. His legal knowledge, moreover, was, it is believed, often useful in some of the business arrangements of the Tract Society.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

'Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine:
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleansed in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good:
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was—dependence upon Thee.'

THE directors of the London Missionary Society having deemed it right to discourage Mr. W. Jones's wishes for employment in the holy work of Christian Missions, his mind appears to have been increasingly impressed with the importance of additional efforts to be useful at home. His labours in the Surrey Chapel Sunday-school were regular, and he was frequently called upon to

deliver the address to the children. His ability as a public speaker was soon discovered by his friends, and many of them urged him to extend his public efforts. His first attempts as an expounder of Divine truth were in but a lowly character. His earliest lecture was delivered at a cottage in Windmill-lane, a district near the present Clapham Park. It was on the 9th January, 1814, from the words "And the door was shut." From a memorandum made on the occasion it appears that he was called on unexpectedly to deliver the address, which was, consequently, strictly extemporaneous. Very frequently afterwards he visited the cottage, when the labours of the Sunday-school were over. The toil was considerable, as he had at least eight miles to walk. 'On one occasion,' he writes, 'the night was wet and dark. I reached the cottage with much difficulty, the road being exceedingly bad. I had a slip into a siding, which made me sadly wet. On reaching the cottage only *one* person was present, shortly afterwards two others came in. I was hurt at the indifference of the cottagers, and determined to leave, fearing that I should take cold. At the moment when I contemplated retiring, I thought of ONE who tarried and preached to *one* woman at the well of Samaria. The servant ought not

to be greater than his Lord. I, therefore, remained standing on a sack, while my shoes were being dried at a neighbouring cottage. The attendance was small, but to me at least the season was very far from an unhappy one.'

Soon after this occurrence he was invited by the Rev. Elisha Newth, then assistant minister at Surrey Chapel, to spend a Sunday at Kingston. He consented, after some hesitation, to preach during the day at three places of worship in the neighbourhood of Kingston.

'I well remember the day,' he writes:—'I rose very early, and my excellent mother met me at breakfast, and gave me her blessing before I started. I walked to Kingston, about ten miles, and was there received by Mr. Ranyard, a pious tradesman, with great kindness. In the morning I went to Hampton, and preached from 2 Samuel vii. 14, 15.—"I will be his father and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul, whom I put away before thee." Just as I began my sermon a gentleman dressed in black entered the chapel, and, thinking he was a minister, I got sadly confused and forgot much of my subject. I was too proud to use notes, and needed such a

lesson of humility. At the close of the brief service, I determined never again to undertake similar engagements should I mercifully get through the day.

'In the afternoon I preached at Claygate, about six miles from Kingston, from 1 Cor. iv. 20. —"The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." I was more collected at this service. In the evening I appeared once more at Hampton with much fear and trembling. My subject was Romans iii. 23.—"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." About 160 people were present. I hope I was more humble than in the morning, and my mind was happy.' * * *

'This was the commencement of labours in the holy work of preaching the Gospel, which I remember with joy and pain. How unworthy are my poor addresses to the great and good work! Little did I expect to what an extent these imperfect efforts would be carried in after years. I hope that the bread I was permitted to cast upon the waters, has been found again after many days. Some facts have come to light, but I leave all such statements with the Lord. He has been a kind Master to me.'

In the year 1815, incidents occurred with reference to Surrey Chapel Sunday-school, of which he was now acknowledged to be a diligent

and efficient teacher, which marked another epoch in his life. Mr. Benjamin Neale was compelled, through serious indisposition, to retire from the office of superintendent of the school. He had been a most devoted man, and well qualified to impart instruction to the youthful mind. The children loved him, and promptly attended to his wishes. The teachers also loved him, and, therefore, cheerfully carried out his plans for the benefit of the school. To an enquiry once made of him, how he was able to exercise so complete a control over them, he made this truly wise reply, 'I rule, but I never show my sceptre.'

A meeting was held for the purpose of making an appointment to the office of superintendent. After long and anxious discussion, a joint superintendency was suggested and approved by the teachers. The choice, most unexpectedly to himself, fell on Mr. W. Jones, who was requested to undertake the office jointly with Mr. Dyson. After some consideration, he accepted the offered post. With reference to this occurrence, the following entry appears in his private papers:— 'Can I let this event pass without comment? I am surprised at the leadings of a gracious Providence. I only entered the school in April 1812, feeling myself unworthy to be a teacher even of

the lowest class, and now, at the age of twenty, I find myself raised to the principal office! Oh, that I may be kept from pride and self-sufficiency! May I be able to rule both the teachers and children by the law of kindness! May grace be given to me in every time of need, and may the weakest creature be supported by Almighty Power!'

The decision of the teachers was justified by the result. The school continued to prosper. Various facts came to light of an encouraging character. One poor girl, who had been expelled for bad conduct, was afterwards led to repentance by an address delivered by Mr. W. Jones, on the death of her sister. Another child in the school traced, as she acknowledged in after life, her first solemn impressions to an address delivered by him from the words, 'Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?' Various indirect benefits were reported. No less than fifteen years after he left the school, he received a kind letter from an old scholar, who traced to an address from the words, 'Search the Scriptures,' the commencement of a habit of daily perusing the Word of God, which had led in his own case to the most happy results. 'When I was a scholar,' he writes in 1838, to Mr. W. Jones, 'in Surrey Chapel

Sunday-school, I once heard you deliver an address from the words, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." In concluding, you said, "Now if you forget all else that I have said, do not forget this—'Search the Scriptures.'" I have forgotten all else, but, through the grace of God, the Holy Scriptures have been my study and delight, and the more I study them, the deeper gratitude do I feel to those kind friends who first taught me to love those words of eternal life.'

He had been superintendent of the school for about eighteen months, when he contemplated an interesting change in his condition of life. A mutual attachment was formed between himself and Miss Cooper, an attendant at Surrey Chapel, and an active teacher in the Sunday-school. The friendship was not hastily formed, and turned out for the happiness of both parties. They were married at the parish church of St. Mary, Lambeth, on the 22nd August 1816. It was the commencement of a union unbroken for well nigh forty years. Eight children, in the course of years, were born to them, three of whom were called before their affectionate father to a better world. Happy in each other's love, sharing willingly each other's trials, and for the welfare of

their beloved children enduring at times much voluntary self-denial, there was a harmony and bliss in their wedded life such as falls to the lot of but few. He himself, more than once towards the close of his days, expressed himself with gratitude when he looked back on the past, and reflected how much domestic happiness he had enjoyed. 'We have passed through,' he said on one occasion, 'many trying scenes, and yet, when we think how great our comforts have been, we may well deem our troubles to have been light. After all, there has been so much sunshine that I seem almost to forget the dark and cloudy days.'

His widow still survives him, 'sorrowing, not without hope,' for the loss of one whose tender love well repaid the affectionate and unwearying attentions she was enabled to render him, even till that moment when his gentle spirit breathed itself into the arms of his Saviour, and looking in humble faith to a blessed reunion in the cloudless land with those she so loved on earth.

> 'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
> Friends out of sight, by faith to muse
> How grows in Paradise our store.'

The position which Mr. W. Jones occupied at Surrey Chapel school, naturally brought him into connexion with the Rev. Rowland Hill, who now took a very lively interest in his welfare, and, to

the end of his life, behaved to him with unvarying kindness. This venerable man, whose labours as an itinerant preacher, and whose opinions as to the duty of every one, who had received a gift, using the same for the promotion of the cause of Christ, are very well known, naturally enough encouraged his young friend to persevere in the course on which he had entered, as an occasional preacher of God's word. Mr. W. Jones' own opinions on the necessity of lay agency, as an auxiliary means for the propagation of God's truth, and the importance of setting aside the strict rules of discipline for the attainment of this end, were clear and decided. Thus, in his Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill, after giving an account of the sentiments of his beloved minister on these points, he adds, 'It is to be feared that the religious wants of the people never will be supplied, until ministers of all denominations consider souls of more value than the regulations of their churches. . . . It must be admitted, that the ordinary means of grace are not sufficient to meet the spiritual necessities of the people. Our country will not be evangelized until the Churchman leaves "the beautiful house" where he worships, and the Nonconformist his humble meeting-place, and the more experienced and talented of the pastors shall practically attend to

the directions of their exalted Saviour, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, into the highways and hedges, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed, and the halt and the blind; and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." These words are still addressed to the faithful ambassador of Christ, who is qualified for the work, and hears the call of Providence to attend to it; and if the powers that be, should command such ministers not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus, what,—according to the clearly established custom of Christ and his apostles,—what is the right course for them to pursue? Should they not answer with Peter and John, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." '*

Actuated by such views, and urged on by such encouragements, Mr. W. Jones began now to take part in some public services on almost every Lord's day, sometimes conducting them in cottages, often in small chapels in the villages in the immediate vicinity of London, and ultimately in some important places of worship in the metropolis itself. It will be well to reserve for a separate chapter, an account of his labours in the

* Life of Rev. Rowland Hill, pp. 168-172.

pulpit, which are known by many to have been attended with much benefit to some of his hearers. The fact of his being constantly employed in this manner on the Sundays, is only mentioned here, in order to explain precisely the reason of his taking a step with reference to the Sunday-school, after he had filled the office of superintendent for seven years.

The step above alluded to, and the considerations which impressed him with the necessity of taking it, are well expressed in the subjoined letter, which, at the commencement of the year 1823, he wrote to the teachers of Surrey Chapel Sunday-school.

'It is now seven years, my dear friends, since you called me to the office of Superintendent of the Surrey Chapel Sunday-school. I have discharged my duties, I fear, feebly, but I trust I may say, with sincerity, and with an anxious desire for the prosperity of our institution. My earnest endeavour has been to promote the comfort of the teachers, and, as far as my influence extended, that spirit of affectionate and consistent union which has so long marked the character of all engaged in the school.

'You will not, I hope, charge me with affectation, when I assure you, that I still feel the warmest interest in the school, and that nothing

but an imperative sense of duty will lead me to dissolve my connexion with it. For a considerable time past, my engagements of the Sabbath day have caused me to be frequently absent from my post, and I much fear lest my example may prove prejudicial, and that others may justify the laxity of their attendance by a reference to my own. The knowledge I have of the teachers, might perchance check the probability of such an excuse being pleaded, yet I think I should not be justified even in risking such a reference to my own example, as might seem to account for, though it never could justify, the absence of others.

'I wish to be silent on the nature of those engagements which to my own mind justify the course I have taken. I know that the Divine blessing has accompanied the feeblest efforts to advance the Saviour's cause, and hence I cannot persuade myself to relinquish the opportunities which are now so constantly afforded me of preaching to sinners "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

'Allow me, therefore, with sentiments of sincere regard for you all, to tender my resignation as your Superintendent. In the course I am taking I am consulting, not my own feelings, but the prosperity of the schools, which is with me a

paramount consideration. I shall be happy to continue with you as a teacher, and shall ever consider it a privilege to help you, as far as other duties will allow, in carrying out the high and holy objects of the institution.

'Permit me, my dear friends, to "commend you to God, and to the word of his grace," and to assure you that my earnest desire is that you may be "stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."'

This communication was received most kindly by the teachers. A request was made that the resignation be withdrawn, and that he would render the best services he could to the school. Anxious to meet the views of the teachers he consented to their wishes. In a few months, however, his public engagements so increased, that he was able to give less attention than ever to the school, and he felt quite convinced that a regard for its best interests called for his retirement. He again, therefore, wrote to the teachers, repeated his former reasons, which, he added, 'the experience of the last seven months, during which I have been almost constantly from necessity absent from the school, has shown to be well founded;' and expressed his full conviction

that the school could never be 'well regulated, or properly conducted, unless the Superintendent was able to devote his undivided attention to its interests.' His last words of counsel to his fellow-labourers were full of beauty and wisdom, and may well be treasured up by all who are engaged in the holy work of training the young in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

'In retiring,' he writes, 'from the office of your Superintendent, I feel much happiness in the thought that I leave you a united body. Beware, my beloved friends, of divisions; guard your minds against every unchristian feeling; and strive by every means, and even by personal sacrifices, to "maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Without a spiritual union amongst yourselves, the glory will depart from your school, for where there is strife and confusion the Holy Spirit is grieved, and his Divine influence will be withheld. Though you are many members, yet you are one body; let a spirit of harmony, therefore, show itself in all your plans, and let it be evident to every one that you are tenderly alive to the true interests of all committed to your charge.

'Hitherto, my dear friends, you have maintained your Christian character; you stand high

in the estimation of those who know you, and have witnessed your labours. Pray for grace, that you may continue holy and consistent teachers. Never forget that you will cease to do good to the children, unless you, as "children of the light," reflect upon them some few beams of the Redeemer's glory. Be anxious for the prosperity of your work, and by your punctual, diligent, and persevering attention, let it be seen that you are "not weary in well-doing."

'Strive to manifest at all times a spirit suitable to your important work; especially to be humble. Do not let one teacher think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but let him think soberly. "Let love be without dissimulation." "Be kindly affectioned one towards another, in honour preferring one another." In your conduct towards the children, study to imitate the example of your Divine Master; let sympathy for them call forth a spirit of patient forbearance; be gentle among them; "cherish them, even as a nurse cherisheth her children, so being affectionately desirous of their souls."

'One word more. Let me strongly recommend you to keep up with regularity your meetings for prayer. Prayer moves the hand of Him who moves all things. Great success cannot be hoped for without a diligent discharge of this our

highest earthly privilege. With it, it were sinful to doubt the fulfilment of the promise. "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." '

Soon after the receipt of this letter, the teachers presented Mr. W. Jones with a valuable edition of 'Scott's Commentary on the Holy Scripture.' 'as a mark of their affectionate regard, and a small but sincere token of the high sense they entertained of his services.' This work he greatly valued. Shortly after the admission of his youngest son to holy orders, in the year 1852, he presented the work to him, 'believing that it would be a safe guide to him in the study of the Divine word.'

Thus ended Mr. Jones' official connexion with Surrey Chapel school. The twelve years spent in its service were among the happy ones of life. Certainly they were amongst the most eventful; and very often, in maturer years, would he look back with much gratitude at this period, as that in which, more particularly, he could discern the hand of Providence, leading him by a way that he knew not, and fitting him for that important position in the religious world which he was afterwards to fill. Through the remainder of his life Sunday schools were ever his delight. 'Some of my most happy Sundays whilst travelling for the

Tract Society,' he writes, 'were spent in visiting some of the large Sunday schools in the north of England. At Leeds, Preston, and Blackburn, I have several times had the privilege of addressing large numbers of children. May the "seed cast into the ground" be "found after many days!"'

CHAPTER V.

THE PREACHER.

'O how my soule desires to haue a seate
in that sweete quire that shee may sing thy praise;
and magnifie Thee for thy mercies great,
that mee from death to life vouchsaf'st to raise.
Lord, since to mee such fauor hath ben showne,
by mee let thy sweete mercy bee made knowne.'

A REFERENCE has been made in the preceding chapter to Mr. W. Jones' first efforts to do good by taking part in public services at different places of worship. When, at the solicitation of friends, he first undertook such engagements, he had but little idea to what extent his efforts would, in after years, be continued. The reminiscences connected with these labours as a preacher of God's word, which were far more frequent than is generally imagined by his friends, were very pleasing to him. It has been thought well to group

together into one chapter facts connected with them, that have come to the knowledge of the compiler of this memoir. Though by so doing we may anticipate the course of the narrative, it will be interesting to contemplate, as a whole, one phase in Mr. W. Jones' useful and varied life.

His services, as has been already noticed, were at the first confined to the smaller places of worship in the villages in the suburbs of London. Afterwards he was invited to fill the pulpits of some more important places during the temporary absence of the respective ministers. At Battersea, Putney, Union-street Southwark, Wandsworth, Ponder's End, and the Adelphi Chapel in the Strand, he was frequently called upon for such help. Indeed, among his earliest efforts were the sermons preached for his valued friend, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, the highly esteemed Secretary of the Bible Society, During his frequent tours his pulpit was supplied by Mr. W. Jones. With reference to these engagements, he writes: 'These were happy seasons for me. Battersea was, indeed, an interesting spot for me. The chapel was close to the place of my birth, and within five minutes walk of the scene where my father met with his serious accident, an event in God's mercy greatly overruled to me for good. How little could it be imagined at one time that

I should ever become one of the officers of the Tract Society, with the good pastor of the Baptist Chapel. When the Lord has a work to be performed, he soon raises up the needful instruments.' Mr. Hughes, in 1821, presented him with some elegantly bound volumes, 'Burnside, on the Religion of Mankind,' as an acknowledgment of kind services, which were much appreciated by those who had listened to his teaching.

The town of Hitchin was also the scene of some of his early labours at the chapel of his esteemed friend, the Rev. Charles Sloper. He says, with reference to this place of worship:—'I can recall many hallowed seasons; I hope they were useful. It was in connexion with this place that I was present at the first service in a barn in the village of Shillington, near Hitchin. It was a singular scene. Mr. Sloper hired the barn, and had an interview with the rector of the parish, who was also a magistrate. He told him he intended to open the barn for preaching, and claimed his protection against the violent conduct he expected from some of the labouring men. The rector kindly assured him that he might depend on his enforcing the law against all who violated the rights of toleration On the Sabbath evening we reached the spot. All was commotion in the village. No sooner

had we entered the barn than one gush of wind extinguished all the lights—a few only could be re-lighted. "Can you preach in the dark?" asked Mr. Sloper. I replied that I would endeavour to do so. He then addressed the people, explained the law for the protection of dissenting worship, told them of his interview with the rector, and assured them that any one who attempted to interrupt the service would be taken before the magistrate. We sang, prayed, and preached in the dark. All went off quietly, but not having such iron nerves as my good friend, I must own I was glad when it was over. After the service, a poor man came to me with the big tear in his eye, and said, "I remember many years ago, when a gentleman came from Hitchin to preach the Gospel, I was one that disturbed the worship, and made an attempt to throw the preacher into the pond at the end of the village." Now the bold opponent was a gentle follower of the Lamb, and thanked us gratefully for our visit. What doth God effect by his Spirit!'[1]

[1] In a letter written at the time to his old and valued friend, Mr. H. Hadland, he thus describes this adventure:—'Yesterday evening (Sept. 22, 1822) I went to Shillington, a village six miles distant from this place (Hitchin), and preached in an old barn to upwards of 300 poor country people. Oh! 'twas a lovely sight! I was perched on a stool, crammed in by the people, and felt great delight in preaching from those words, "There is joy in the

At Putney his labours in the pulpit seem to have been very acceptable, for in the year 1822 a unanimous invitation was forwarded to him, from the congregation assembling in the Independent chapel, to accept the pastoral office. He prayerfully considered this invitation, and, after conferring with the Rev. Rowland Hill and other friends on the subject, felt that it was his duty at once to decline the wishes of his friends. 'Feeling,' he says, in his reply to them, 'the great importance of such an engagement, I hope I have given the matter that due consideration which it demanded, and have sought counsel of Him who alone can qualify his servants for ministerial usefulness. My own venerable and beloved pastor has kindly and fully advised me on all the points that I submitted to him. In addition to this, I have received the counsel of other ministerial friends; and their views concurring with my own, leave no doubt as to my duty in declining your affectionate invitation. . . . It is very desirable that a pastor should reside in

presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." I never preached to a more attentive auditory; and I am to enjoy the privilege of preaching to the people again next Sabbath evening. . . . I should like you to have seen me on my perch. The barn would not hold all the people; many were in the adjoining house, and others standing against the churchyard wall. Oh! the unspeakable privilege of preaching the Gospel of Christ!'

the midst of his people. He should be of ready access, since in the present condition of your cause much would depend in reviving the cause of pure and undefiled religion, under the Divine blessing, on his friendly and pastoral visits. My present engagements would quite prevent my thus giving myself up entirely to the work of the ministry among you, and therefore, my duty is clear in this matter. My prayer is that the Lord may send you a pastor "according to his own heart," who will "feed you with knowledge and understanding."'

Some few years after he spent a Sunday at Gloucester, and preached in the Independent chapel. An impression was made by his addresses, and a strong wish expressed that he should become the successor to their late minister, the Rev. W. Bishop. He was, however, fully persuaded that he had been guided by the providence of God to his present position in the Religious Tract Society, and felt it right at once to decline an appointment incompatible with a due fulfilment of its duties. In his reply he expresses his hope that 'they may be guided by the Great Head of the Church to a suitable pastor, and one who in all respects will efficiently represent their religious body in the peculiarly important sphere of his labours.'

Chatham was also the scene of many happy reminiscences in connexion with the congregation of his friend, the Rev. Joseph Slatterie. Here he formed several friendships which were a source of much comfort to him. His ministrations appear to have been useful, and he highly prized the warm friendship of Mr. Slatterie. His recollections of the close of that good man's life are deeply interesting. 'I visited him,' he writes, 'on several occasions during the closing days of his life. It was a painful scene to me; his strong mind had given way, and he was almost imbecile. There were some few seasons when reason appeared to rally for a short time. On one occasion I stood by his couch. I took his hand, but he seemed quite unconscious. After a little while I found he pressed my hand. I felt he knew me, and inquired who I was. The dear old man smiled, and said, "If any one meets you and says you are not Jones of Surrey Chapel, don't believe it." On another occasion when I called he was on the sofa, playing with the button of his coat. He took no notice of me. His daughter whispered to me to ask him about Jesus. I asked him if the Saviour was precious to him. At once his eye brightened, and he repeated with an emphasis that I shall never forget:—

'Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield, and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

'Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.'

How delightful the thought that often the name of the Saviour has influenced the believing soul when it has been dead to all other subjects. Deaf to all sounds, even of earthly affection, it hears quickly the sound of the name of "Him who loved us and gave Himself for us." So it was with my ever-valued friend; however lost he appeared to be, he could soon hear the voice of the Redeemer. When Jesus said unto his disciple "Mary," she said unto him "Rabboni."'

SURREY CHAPEL was also the scene of Mr. W. Jones' labours, particularly during the closing years of the life of his revered pastor, the Rev. Rowland Hill. It may readily be imagined that it was with peculiar feelings that he first occupied the pulpit of that chapel, his accidental attendance at which, some twenty years before, had led, in the providence of God, to such important results. More than once he felt almost unwillingness to comply with Mr. Hill's wishes, and expressed his feelings on the subject to the venerable man.

Not only did he feel to a certain extent embarrassed at first in addressing those with whom he had so long worshipped, as 'one of themselves,' but he knew also the objections entertained by Mr. Hill, as a general rule, against admitting laymen into his pulpit. The good pastor at once overruled all his objections, and assured him that he considered that 'if a man had the grace of God in his heart, and a wise tongue in his head, he had a full commission to bring all the sinners he could to Christ.'[1] One of his earliest sermons at Surrey Chapel was preached from the text, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the

[1] 'Rowland Hill rejoiced in the labours of his lay-brethren, provided they were prudent and modest in their conduct. Occasionally he would admit them into his own pulpit; and when unable to carry the elements round the table on a communion Sabbath, he more than once requested a lay-brother "to lend him his legs for a short season." . . . It is, however, right to remark, that Mr. Hill would only sanction the preaching of laymen whose characters were unexceptionally good, and whose talents were likely to be useful. He was *not anxious to press them forward to the pulpit*, but rejoiced to hear of their efforts in the Sabbath-schools, the villages, and the workhouses of our land. He had frequent applications from young men who were anxious to enter the ministerial office, or engage in missionary labour. But he was very careful not to take them from their worldly occupations unless he could discover the clear leadings of the providence of God, and acceptable talents in the applicants.'—Life of Rev. Rowland Hill, pp. 428, 429.

olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' (Hab. iii. 17.) At times he was called to fill the pulpit of Surrey Chapel at a very short notice. He resided in the immediate vicinity of that place of worship, and frequently a message would come, within an hour of the time of commencing service, requesting him to preach. Indeed, sometimes less notice than even this was given him. Many, without doubt, can recollect how, more than once, when the prayers were well nigh ended, the vestry door would open, and Mr. Hill's servant glide almost noiselessly round to the little pew on the north side, just under the gallery, and, gently tapping him on the shoulder, would summon him to take the place of his venerable minister. After a time, he always came prepared for such unexpected calls, with sermon notes in his pocket. On one occasion, however, shortly before Mr. Hill's decease, he was placed in circumstances of some embarrassment. 'Mr. Hill,' he says, 'was much depressed, and sent for me to come and sit with him. After dining with him, I rose to take my leave, but he was unwilling that I should go. I took tea. He was still very much depressed. After a pause, he said,

"I cannot preach this evening, you must help me." I replied that I was not prepared. No excuse, however, would do, and most reluctantly I obeyed his wishes. The subject on which I preached was, "Surely the bitterness of death is passed." (1 Sam. xv. 32.) The venerable man met me in the vestry at the close of the service, and, taking me kindly by the hand, said, "Thank you, my dear friend. After all, the apostle tells us that the last *enemy* that shall be destroyed is death. It is never pleasant to meet an enemy. Still, though an enemy, death is a conquered one to the believer."[1]

Soon after the settlement of the Rev. James Sherman as minister of Surrey Chapel, he thought it would materially help him, and advance the good cause, if Mr. W. Jones would accept the office of assistant minister, and made proposals to that effect. It was thought that these duties could be discharged without the necessity of his retiring from the Religious Tract Society. He, himself, judged otherwise, and, feeling persuaded that the duties of the two offices would clash, at once declined the invitation.

In connexion with Dr. Fletcher's chapel at Stepney, he was once placed in very embarrassing circumstances. Mr. Hill had promised to

[1] Life of Rev. Rowland Hill, p. 590.

preach there on a Sunday evening. He was taken unwell, and afraid that he should not be able to fulfil his engagement. Dr. Fletcher consented to preach at Surrey Chapel, provided his own pulpit could be supplied in the afternoon. Mr. W. Jones was requested to render this assistance, and to be prepared also, in the event of Mr. Hill's inability to fulfil his promise for the evening, to take the place of the venerable man. 'No sooner did I get to the chapel,' he says, 'than my difficulties began. When waiting in the vestry, the door opened, and in walked Mr. George Bennet, who had recently returned from his missionary tour. He told me he was anxious to hear his old friend Dr. Fletcher. I told him he would be disappointed. Soon afterwards, came in my old and esteemed friend, Mr. George Rawson, of Leeds. No sooner did I see him, than I recollected that I had preached the sermon I had selected for the afternoon, at Leeds, when he was present. It was not till almost the last moment before commencing evening service, that Mr. Hill arrived. I was much relieved at the sight of the good old man. Instantly, however, he said, "I am so ill, I cannot preach; my dear friend will supply my place." I was fairly embarrassed. I pressed him to make the effort to preach himself. After a great deal of coaxing

we got him into the pulpit, and my anxieties were over.'

The variety of character he met with in his Sunday engagements, was of course, very great. One or two interesting facts, selected from his own papers, will no doubt be interesting to many who peruse these pages. They shall be narrated in his own words:—

'I preached at Fulwood, near Taunton, having been staying at the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Welman. I occupied the pulpit in the morning, when the venerable Mrs. Rebecca Welman was present. She had been long deaf, and Mr. Golding, the pastor, preached in a low voice. I preached from the words, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." On returning home, Mrs. Welman was full of joy. She had heard the sermon, not having heard one distinctly for a long time. The subject had much cheered her. Among other things she told me that when cast down she was often much comforted by the text, "He hath ascended up on high, He hath led captivity captive, He hath received gifts for men, yea for the rebellious also." "Ah!" said the good lady, "I know I am one of his rebellious children, but He hath received gifts for me."

'On one occasion I reached a town in Corn-

wall on a Saturday evening. I called on the Independent minister. He was surprised to see me, having written to me, saying, that no meeting in behalf of the Tract Society could be held in his town. I told him that I was travelling through the country, and had determined to spend the sabbath quietly at ——. "I am unable," he replied, "to show you any attention to-night, having two sermons to prepare for the sabbath." "Can I help you?" I inquired. "Do you preach?" "Sometimes." "Then I will ask you to take my morning sermon, and I shall be able, in that case, to go out with you for a little time." The good man thought that perhaps it might yet be possible to get up a meeting for the Tract Society on the Monday evening. I preached accordingly in the morning; my subject was taken from Judges xiii. 22, 23, the language of Manoah to his wife. One of the practical lessons deduced was, "The advantage of Christian fellowship:"—when Manoah was cast down his wife suggested sources of consolation, and this she could not have done had she not been a believer herself. Hence I dwelt very strongly on the duty of "marrying only in the Lord." The minister was evidently much affected. I was a stranger to all circumstances connected with his history, indeed

I had never seen him till the previous evening. Subsequently, I ascertained that he had contracted an unhappy marriage, which had materially weakened his influence with his people. "Who told you all about our minister?" was the inquiry made of me afterwards. I assured all that I had no information respecting him. The sermon was a word in season, and the good minister himself, confident that I was a stranger to his domestic circumstances, remained ever afterwards a kind and attached friend.

'It was my privilege to occupy many of the pulpits in Lancashire, and among them those connected with Darwen. The people were intelligent, but exceedingly unpolished; you must know them well in order to esteem them. One Sunday I was to preach at the chapel on the Hill, then under the pastoral care of Mr. Nicholls. On entering the pulpit I found that the pew-opener had omitted to provide me either with a Bible or Hymn-book. I endeavoured to catch the eye of the negligent official, but in vain. One of the congregation observed me and called out in a loud voice,—"John, *felly* (*i.e.* fellow) in pulpit wants ye," and so my wants were supplied, not, I must own, without a strong effort on my part to suppress a smile at the dignified way in which my friend spoke of me.

In the evening I preached in the town chapel, of which the Rev. Richard Fletcher was the minister. I was waiting in the vestry expecting his arrival. At last one of the deacons came in and said, "I say, Sir, how long are you going to stay here?" I told him until the minister arrived, but that I was quite ready to enter the pulpit if he wished it. "You may do what you like," was the rough and not very polite reply. Just as I was ascending the stairs the worthy official beckoned to me to stop a moment, and leaning over from his pew, whispered rather loudly, "You must cut it short, sir, or leete (light) will be out." It was the close of the summer, and the ordinary lights had not been prepared. I must acknowledge that at first I was a little discouraged by the rough manners of the good people. I soon learnt, however, that under a seemingly harsh exterior, there was hidden much sincerity and real kindness of heart. No where have I spent happier seasons, formed warmer friendships, or, by God's blessing, met with greater success, than in the north of England.

'On another occasion, when preaching in a village chapel, in Essex, I spoke from the words, "Hast thou faith?" The next morning I was sent on my journey by a friend, and the driver of the carriage was a poor man who had been one

of my hearers on the preceding day. He was an original character. When he got a little way into the country, he enquired if I objected to his driving without his hat and jacket, and then proceeded straightway to put them under the seat. He soon referred to the sermon. I found he was constitutionally desponding, though a good man. We had much profitable conversation together, and I was pleased with many of his remarks. One I shall never forget. I spoke of the day when we should stand before the throne of God. In a loud voice, trembling with emotion, he said, "Oh! Mr. Jones, *stand* before the throne, I never wish that;—a poor sinner like me can only wish to *lie* before the throne for ever." This was truly eloquent, and displayed the deep humility of the man:—of "such is the kingdom of heaven."'

Sometimes Mr. Jones found himself in peculiar circumstances in connexion with the Established Church. In his journeys through the country, he was often received at the houses of various clergymen, and among his days of true peaceful enjoyments he never failed to include his 'sabbaths at the country parsonage.' Though unable to help his clerical friends in the pulpit, and many of them did not fail to express their regret at not being able to avail themselves of

his assistance, he sometimes held Sunday evening meetings in their school-rooms. On such occasions he did not take a text, but spoke on some important subject. Indeed, it is known to his family that efforts were made at one time to induce him to give himself up entirely to the ministry of the Church of England. They proceeded from an estimable clergyman, whom he numbered amongst his most valued friends, and who had good reason for knowing that, in the event of his acceding to his wishes, he might have without much difficulty obtained episcopal ordination. A strong feeling that he had been called by the providence of God to the post which he occupied, and that it would be impossible properly to discharge increased responsibility, led him to decline all the suggestions of his friends. Though not ordained to 'minister in holy things,' he still felt it to be a privilege to assist, in however humble or subordinate a character, in the services of the Sanctuary. 'It is a source of delight to me,' he says, 'to be reckoned amongst "the hewers of wood and drawers of water." The various services in which I have in the course of nearly forty years, and in no less than 260 distinct places of worship, been engaged, have been, I am well aware, attended with much, very much infirmity. I hope I desired

to glorify God in the conversion of sinners, and my comfort has been to know that the treasure of the Gospel is placed in earthern vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.'

A few words may here be appropriately added on Mr. Jones' character as a preacher, and the general style of his pulpit addresses.

It will not be difficult to describe the character of his discourses. In their doctrine they were simple and affectionate exhibitions of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' In this manner they were admirable comments on the apostolic precept 'Speaking the truth in love.' He aimed at the heart rather than the head, the affections rather than the intellect, and sought to bring his hearers to the Saviour, by a declaration of the Saviour's love. He attempted no great things, he cared not to be indulging in novelties either of doctrine or interpretation, but sought to woo the sinner into acquiescence by the compulsion of love. 'God is love,'—'The love of Christ constraineth us,'—'If God so loved us we ought also to love one another,'—such texts as these were the index to his teaching, the one centre, as it were, to which all his efforts converged. With considerable command of language, and an easy and attractive delivery, there was a chastened earnest-

ness in his manner, that carried the conviction to the hearts of all who listened to him that he desired their spiritual good. He spake as one who was himself no stranger to the blessings of which he would fain that others should be also the recipients, —as an Andrew, wishing to bring his brother to Jesus. And when he warned the sinner, and spoke of the punishments due to sin, he still spoke with gentleness. A Barnabas, and not a Boanerges, he looked for the Lord rather in 'the still small voice,' than in the wind and earthquake. Never was there a better illustration than in his teaching of the truthful remark of an excellent man, with which we may appropriately close this chapter:—'Tender seriousness,—the index of a heart touched with the melting sympathies of Christ,—best becomes us as guilty sinners speaking to our fellow-sinners. Love is the life, power, soul and spirit of pulpit eloquence; entreating rather than denouncing, the character of a preacher's office; and it is the delivery of our Master's message with the looks and language of his own manifested tenderness, that attracts and triumphs over the hearts of a willing people.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRETARY.

'Rays from the Sun of righteousness
Our humble missiles dart;
Mighty at once to wound and bless,
To break and bend the heart.'

'NEXT to the conversion of my soul by the power of the Holy Spirit, I consider my connexion with the Religious Tract Society as perhaps the most important event in my life. It is not for me to tell what the results may have been, or yet may be, but yet I know from his own word that it pleases God by the weak things of the world to accomplish his designs of mercy and grace.'

In such terms does Mr. W. Jones write concerning the Society with which his name will long be identified. We have amongst his papers a narrative of the circumstances which led to his first connexion with it, and of his earliest labours

in its cause. As his first journey led to a result in his own case, at the time but little expected, we will give a somewhat detailed account of it.

'In the year 1820,' he writes, 'my friend Mr. J. Davis was requested by the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, to obtain the services of two gentlemen, who might, in company with himself, visit the north of England and Scotland, and advocate the claims of the Institution. He was good enough to ask me to become one of the members of the deputation. The Rev. Mr. Mather, of Sheffield, promised to give us his assistance.

'We left London by the mail for Sheffield at eight o'clock one evening, and reached our destination on the following evening at half-past six. This was thought tolerably good travelling thirty-five years ago, but a wonderful contrast to the railroad progress of these times.

'Immediately on the arrival of the mail, Mr. Mather met us, and I had to preach at once at the Baptist Chapel, though somewhat fatigued by my twenty-two hours' journey. My text was taken from Heb. iv. 16, "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need." I briefly explained the objects of the Society in the course of my address.

'A few days afterwards I had the high gratifi-

cation of being introduced to Mr. Montgomery, the poet, and to his friend Mr. George Bennet, who subsequently visited the stations of the London Missionary Society, in different parts of the world. Very pleasant are my recollections of my first interviews with these good men. I had much conversation with Mr. Montgomery. Cowper appeared to be his favourite christian poet. I remember asking him how he could account for a man of Cowper's seriousness and constitutional lowness of mind, writing "John Gilpin." He told me that he had no difficulty on the point. He remembered that his own lightest pieces were written when he was a prisoner in York Castle, and during a season of much mental depression. In such seasons, the mind usually made the greatest efforts for its own relief. So it was with Cowper when he wrote the sprightly and amusing piece I had named.

'Meetings were held at Sheffield and Rotherham: at the latter place a new Society was formed. On the Sunday, at Sheffield, I preached in the morning for Mr. Mather, from Rev. xxii. 1, "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." In the afternoon I assisted the Rev. James Boden, and preached from Gal. vi. 14, "God forbid that I should glory

save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." In the evening it was my privilege to address the Sunday-school teachers.

'At Huddersfield I saw the venerable Mr. Mearhouse, an old Yorkshire evangelist, and Dr. Boothroyd, the commentator. At Bradford a Society was formed, and I made the acquaintance of Dr. Steadman, the president of the Baptist College, and of the Rev. William Morgan, the incumbent of Christchurch.

'On the 7th of September I paid my first visit to Leeds. I reached this place at midnight. Here I had my first interview with Mr. George Rawson[1] and Mr. John Clapham, two of the most

[1] In a letter addressed to the compiler of this Memoir, dated July 1855, Mr. Rawson thus speaks of this first visit of Mr. W. Jones to Leeds. 'When he visited Leeds as the deputation of the parent Society, a new impulse was given to our operations. His interesting details, his truly catholic spirit, and his sound judgment secured at once the deepest interests and the cordial co-operation of every section of the church of Christ. Our Institution flourished, and in addition to a large outlay in tracts, our annual free contribution amounted to 100*l.*, for the general objects of the parent Society. I am confident that the Leeds auxiliary was greatly indebted to your valued and beloved father for its manifest prosperity.' He adds, with reference to his visits in after years, and the services and meetings held in connexion with the Society.—'These returning seasons of fellowship were deemed by many Christian friends the most interesting services of the year, and were attended with many blessings to all who participated in them.'

zealous supporters of the Tract Society I ever met with. They still live, and at the end of thirty-five years are as warmly attached as ever to our good cause. The town of Leeds gave Mr. Hardcastle to the London Missionary Society, and good Joseph Reyner to the Religious Tract Society.

'There are few towns that have more interesting associations in my mind than Leeds. The friendships I formed have been lasting. The uniform kindness of the various ministers, I shall never forget. They kindly admitted me into their pulpits to plead the Society's cause, and did indeed, for the sake of the great objects in which he was interested, "condescend to a brother of low degree."

'Leeds was always a scene of active effort for the agent of the Tract Society. The following is a tolerably correct programme of his proceedings:—On the Saturday evening he met the Committee of the Society to make all arrangements for the anniversary. On the Sunday morning, at nine, he delivered an address at one of the schools; at half-past ten, he preached at one of the chapels, or gave a detail of the Society's operations after the minister's discourse. In the afternoon he met a female class. In the evening he usually preached at another chapel. On the

Monday morning, there was held a public breakfast at eight; this was followed by a large dinner party at three, and a public meeting in the evening at six. It was really rather hard work, but some of my happiest seasons have been spent at Leeds, and I hope much good was done.

'The deputation visited in order Harrogate, Ripon, Knaresborough, Northallerton, Durham, and Newcastle-on-Tyne.[1] In this last-mentioned place, I was introduced to my much-valued friend Mr. John Fenwick. He, like my Leeds friends,

[1] The following anecdote, it is conjectured, has reference to an incident connected with this tour. At all events it shows the importance of the subsequent decision of the Committee, which appointed a regular agent to visit the auxiliary societies, and the difficulties he had at first to encounter.

'Nearly thirty years since the Committee requested a friend to visit the auxiliaries in the northern counties, to endeavour to make them more efficient. He reached Darlington, and with some anxiety inquired into the state of the Society's first association. He was introduced to a venerable and devoted man, who appeared most willing to furnish all the information in his power on the subject. Every answer he gave was accompanied by a most emphatic movement of his artificial leg on the floor of the room. "Who is your Treasurer?" "I am." "Who acts as Secretary?" "I do." "Who form your Committee?" "I am the Committee." "Have you a Depositary?" "I am the Depositary." And so the deputation discovered that this once flourishing Society had so entirely declined, that all of it that remained was centred in one friend, and he has long since finished his earthly course. Within a few years, a new auxiliary has been established, which is in active operation, under the disinterested superintendence of several respected friends.'—*Jubilee Volume*, p. 167

has been the Society's warm supporter till the present day. I slept under the hospitable roof of Mr. Bonner. I held my first meeting in this important town, and afterwards visited North and South Shields, and Sunderland. The service at this last-named place was at Bethel Chapel. Mr. Mather preached, and the other members of the deputation addressed the people.

'On reaching Alnwick, we were kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Raith, the Presbyterian minister. The castle was to us all an object of peculiar interest. The surrounding country, including the Cheviot Hills, is remarkably fine. In the castle we saw the horrid dungeon in which prisoners were formerly confined. The walks through Hulme Park appear as fresh on my memory as though the visit had been recently made. In Alnwick an auxiliary was formed, which continues until this day.

'The visit to Berwick-on-Tweed was interesting. A new Society was formed. On the Sunday I walked to Spittal, and preached for Mr. Whitebois, a minister whose acquaintance I had made in London. My text was—"We are more than conquerors through him who loved us."

'At Haddington we had a meeting, and there met two of the sons of the Rev. John Brown, the commentator. Much was told us of the earnest

piety and devotion of this learned man. Surely he had his reward in four sons labouring as ministers of the gospel of Christ.

'On the 19th September we reached Edinburgh, and dined with the Hon. Mr. Digby. A meeting was held in behalf of the Society, at which it was said that eighteen hundred people were present. Here we met the Rev. Legh Richmond, the clerical secretary of the Society. He was the great attraction of the evening, and spoke delightfully. Our visit to the Scottish metropolis was highly satisfactory. After visiting Dunfermline and other principal towns, we returned to London highly grateful for the goodness and mercy we had experienced.'[1]

Soon after his return to town, Mr. W. Jones received the following communication from the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, through Mr. J. Davis, then the assistant-secretary:—

'At a meeting of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, held on the 3rd October, 1820—

'It was resolved unanimously,

'That the most cordial thanks of this Com-

[1] The result of this journey was the establishment of *nine new* Societies in the north of England, besides the resuscitation of several old auxiliaries which had been in a state of decadence or inefficiency.

mittee be given to Mr. William Jones for his persevering, laborious, and useful exertions in behalf of the Society during his late visit to the north of England and Scotland, and that he be requested to accept a copy of the twenty years' proceedings, and also of the publications, as a small testimony of their grateful feelings.

'That this Committee, perceiving the interest that Mr. Jones feels for the Religious Tract Society, are anxious that he should become one of their number.

'That Mr. W. Jones be appointed a member of this Committee, and of the Sub-Committee for auxiliaries, from the present time.'

This invitation to become one of their number was accepted, and Mr. Jones immediately afterwards took his seat at the Board of that Society, with which, from that time to the very close of life, he was closely connected. His position was one of much interest. His own reflections upon it are pleasing:—'I was now only twenty-four, and a managing clerk in an attorney's office, not having at that time obtained my certificate. My fellow committee-men were professional men and merchants of high respectability. When sometimes called to the chair at the meetings of the Board, I felt almost overwhelmed with my position. What a contrast to the scenes of my youth! Eight

years had scarcely passed away since I first entered Surrey Chapel Sunday-school as a teacher, and then the responsibilities of the alphabet class seemed sufficiently heavy for me. Truly the Lord "led me by a way that I knew not." May I venture humbly to hope that the promise will be graciously fulfilled,—"Them that honour me I will honour." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."'

For three years he acted on the Committee, and felt an increasing interest in all that concerned the advancement of the good cause. His new duties were a source of real delight to him. After a while a variety of circumstances suggested to the Committee the importance of securing the entire services of a gentleman to travel for the Society, and to engage in other official duties. After lengthened conversations at various meetings of the Board, a minute was prepared by Mr. W. F. Lloyd, in which were sketched the qualifications to be required, and the duties that would devolve on the new officer. This was at length embodied in a formal resolution to this effect:—'That it is expedient that this Institution should have the assistance of a suitable person to visit its various auxiliaries, and to promote the formation of new ones; to advocate the cause, and

to advance its general interests throughout the country; and that the person so to be employed should be a gentleman of a truly catholic spirit, well acquainted with the Religious Tract Society, and attached to its interests, possessing capabilities of addressing public meetings, with a general knowledge of business, and an acquaintance with the general working of Sunday-schools.'

There seems from the first to have been a general impression on the minds of the Committee that it would not be necessary to go out of their own number in order to secure the needful agent. In the journey which he had taken in behalf of the Society in the north of England, Mr. W. Jones had already manifested many of the qualifications required, and he was known to possess the others. Indeed, many good effects were believed to have already resulted from his labours in their cause. Overtures were therefore made to him on the subject. 'My much-loved friend Mr. Lloyd,' he says, 'inquired privately if I did not think that I should listen to the wishes of the Committee if made known to me explicitly;—the subject gave me great anxiety. I left my friend to take whatever course he thought proper, reserving to myself the full consideration of the subject should I hear from the Committee on the matter. My only desire was "to follow the cloud" whithersoever it might lead me.'

A few days after this conversation, he received a kind and characteristic note from Mr. Lloyd; it was truly laconic, and simply expressed a hope that it 'would not be inconvenient to him for once to absent himself from the Committee.' Immediately afterwards he received an invitation, signed by all the officers and members of the Committee,[1] requesting him to accept the newly-proposed office. It was accompanied by a letter from Mr. J. Davis, the assistant-secretary, in which he very kindly expressed the satisfaction he felt at the prospect of being 'more closely united with one who had won his affectionate esteem, and whose heart was so thoroughly engaged in the Tract cause,' and expressing a hope that by 'his acquiescence in the proposed arrangement, the ties of their friendship might be greatly strengthened, and that they might jointly labour with increasing effect to the glory of their Lord and Saviour.'

This matter gave him great anxiety. Nearly twelve months passed away before he made up his mind as to the course he should take. He was in the profession of the law, and his prospects were,

[1] The names appended to this document, which has been found among his private papers, are, Joseph Reyner (*Treasurer*), T. Pellatt, W. F. Lloyd, John Arundel, Joseph Hughes (*Secretary*), John Green, George Stokes, Thomas M. Coombs, J. T. Conquest, Joseph Cecil, John Campbell, Thomas Preston. All, save three, have passed into an eternal state.—1856.

to all appearance, very good. He was much attached to his profession. Friends differed in their views as to which his duty was in the matter. The claims of a young family, for by this time he had three children, rendered prudent measures needful;—it was just possible that the new engagements, if entered upon, might not turn out successful. After much prayerful consideration, and much consultation with friends, especially with his revered pastor, the Rev. Rowland Hill, he felt it to be his duty to comply with the wishes of the Committee. He joined the Institution as travelling secretary, in September, 1824.

A new world was now opened to him. All was experiment. The Society was much esteemed, but little had been done for it. The claims of rival, and more public institutions, nearly eclipsed it. Its own daughter, the British and Foreign Bible Society, had taken away some of its efficient friends. They feared lest the more important object of circulating the Holy Scriptures might be injured, if their liberality were diverted into another channel. 'It appeared,' to use his own words, 'almost like commencing the Society again.'

In the Report of the Religious Tract Society, for 1824, the following notice was taken of the appointment of Mr. W. Jones to the office of

travelling and corresponding secretary:—'For some years past your Committee have received many pressing applications from auxiliary societies, anxious to receive occasional visits from friends well acquainted with the proceedings of the parent Institution, with which they have always found great difficulty in complying, as the clergymen and ministers, as well as most of the other friends connected with your Society, are deeply engaged for other institutions, and thus are unable to render that assistance which otherwise they would have rejoiced to afford. Upon calculation, the Committee found that the expense of an agent for the purpose would be, proportionally, far less than the cost of the friendly, yet desultory, assistance hitherto afforded, while the direct advantages would be exceedingly great.

'The details of business to which such an agent would be called to direct his attention, as well as the neutral ground occupied by your Society, required the selection of a layman; while it was indispensible that he should be devoted to the cause of your Society, and only engage in the work from disinterested and Christian motives.

'The wishes of your Committee unanimously centred in one of their number who had laboured

in your cause for three years, and had shown that in every respect he was eminently qualified for such an office. This unanimous wish was intimated to him; he felt it his duty to give full consideration to so important a subject; eventually he deemed the call too strong and too important to be negatived, and he has become your agent for auxiliaries.

'Upon this subject your Committee will only further remark, that they are confident that every member and friend of your Society who is acquainted with the individual in question, will participate in their gratification at announcing the success of their application; and they deem it but justice to add, that the actual and prospective advantages he has relinquished to labour in the cause of your Society, prove that his decision has been disinterested, and could only have been adopted from a sense of duty and a desire of usefulness.'

It may be stated that this kind notice of the qualifications of Mr. W. Jones, and earnest appreciation of the motives which induced him to take upon himself the duties of the new office, was from the pen of his valued friend Mr. George Stokes. The Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Annual Reports of the Society, which contain

many valuable and practical remarks, were written by this sincere friend and active supporter of the Tract Society.

The new secretary soon found that his position was not unattended with difficulties. He would often, especially towards the close of life, when incapacitated from much active exertion, and confined to his house, talk over times long gone by, with members of his family. Very gratefully would he contrast the present prosperous state of his much-loved Society with its condition when first he joined it, and often recal with no little pleasure the 'up-hill work' that he and his fellow-labourers had some thirty years before.

> 'How would he oft look back and smile
> On thoughts that bitterest seemed ere while.'

In truth the year 1824 was a remarkable one in the history of the Society. For some years the Society had felt considerable pressure on its finances, from the want of sufficient funds to meet its enlarged operations. Moreover, strange as it may appear now to many supporters of the Society, the commencement of two periodicals, which have since attained a popularity and circulation far beyond the most sanguine expectations of their original projectors,—'The Tract Magazine' and 'Child's Companion,' excited

considerable opposition, and led to an extensive correspondence with distant friends, and frequent conferences with others in London. In a letter, written in 1844, Mr. Stokes thus graphically describes the excitement caused by the first appearance of these little works;—'A statement, that these magazines were once strongly objected to and vehemently opposed, may not a little surprise many readers, especially among our younger friends; for truly in this matter, as Southey says:—

'Twenty years
Have wrought strange alterations.'

'When the magazines were commenced in 1824, friends looked grave and doubtful, opponents threatened, and there were public and printed declarations that the periodicals of the Tract Society ought not to be encouraged, or even permitted, and the members at large were urged to come forward and stop them! Nor was this merely the voice of an enemy, of those who set at nought the truths of the Gospel; this opposition was urged as being a duty to the Christian public, and even to the Society itself! All sorts of evil surmises were brought forward, and many evil results predicted as sure to occur. The funds of the Society would be perverted, its

energies absorbed from more useful efforts;—all other religious periodicals, however able and considerable from their bulk and literary execution, would be interfered with;—children would be taken off from reading their Bibles;—twice the quantity of letter-press which ought to be given for a penny was offered;—every bookseller would be more or less injured;—a cry of "monopoly" was raised, and a hundred more anticipations equally dolorous and threatening were urged by friends; to say nothing of the proceedings of enemies. Nay even the contradictory evil anticipation, that a few months would see the stores of the editors exhausted, and the Society committed to what it could not carry on, and disgraced by failure, was urged by an excellent and devoted friend to the cause, and certainly had its influence.'

Surrounded by such difficulties, as we have indicated, Mr. W. Jones commenced his work. The first meeting that he attended as the agent of the Society was at Colchester on the 21st September, 1824. There he found that the 'main-spring of the auxiliary' was its depositary, Mr. John Kenn, a plain humble man. He was kindly received by the Rev. John Saville at his family mansion, and speaks gratefully of the

encouragement that such attentions afforded him at the commencement of his labours. From Colchester he proceeded to the west of England. This was his first tour. He commenced it on the 23rd Sept. 1824;—on the evening of that day he reached Trowbridge. The Rev. Samuel Kilpin of Exeter joined him as one of the Deputation. In company with this excellent man, Mr. W. Jones visited many of the principal towns in the west of England.

The results of this first tour were by no means encouraging, and he began to have many fears that he had taken the wrong course in abandoning his profession, and becoming Secretary of the Religious Tract Society. 'When I returned to town,' he writes, 'and sat in my office recalling the various incidents of this tour, I was indeed depressed. "All things appeared to be against me." I had found that the friends of Missions, to say nothing of the supporters of the Bible Society, were fearful of pushing forward the claims of our Society, and gave me but a cold support. I had discovered also that the Rev. Legh Richmond and other friends had made but modest claims for the Institution. Again and again I had been told "Your own secretary has assured us that you do not want much aid; that a subscription of one penny

a-week would meet your necessities." And I had found that rich men were content to contribute this very trifle to our Society.'[1]

In addition to those difficulties which we have already described, there were local plans that in several places interfered with a full and cordial support of the Tract Society. The interests of individuals sometimes led to a secret opposition, the more hurtful because its true source was concealed. And thus Mr. Jones at the first visited town after town, and appeared to make no progress.[2] The very sound of a collection alarmed the good people in the country—'All manner of inaccurate notions,' he says, 'about the Society occupied their minds. There were some that did not like the agent to be paid; in such a cause all should be voluntary service. One person, a solicitor, shook his head very mysteriously and expressed his fears that I had

[1] See, on this subject, 'Jubilee Memorial,' p. 155.

[2] In a letter written in 1825, he says, 'Since I left home I have had *many many* discouragements, but still the work must go forward. The opposition of enemies,—the coldness of friends,—the prudent calculations of the half-awakened, can never prevent the accomplishment of the Divine purposes. God is a Sovereign, and will work. He has given to his Son "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession," and no power therefore can prevent the predictions of the Bible from being fulfilled, or the accomplishment of God's work in the souls of his people.'

failed in other objects, and that the Society was, in my case, a "refuge for the destitute!" Often did the fable of "The Old Man and his Ass" present itself to my mind, so impossible was it to conciliate those who were determined to find fault.'

He adds, as an illustration of the difficulties he had to encounter, 'I was once urged to call on a gentleman, of the city of B—, in the west of England, who stood high in the religious world, and seek his co-operation. I called, but was not asked in. I stood in the passage, and heard the good man tell his servant that he would not see me. I was, therefore, coldly bowed out.—Oh! how my poor heart desponded. All my visits seemed fruitless. I returned to my room at the hotel, and relieved myself with tears. I resolved to return to London in the morning, and resign my position. The quiet of the night relieved me, and prayer was answered. Faith was given to me, and I determined that my motto should be "Faint, yet pursuing." The subsequent kindness of friends in this same city, has been a rich recompense for the trial of my first visit.'

There were, however, some sunny scenes in the midst of many cloudy days. During his first tour he left Mr. Kilpin at Tewkesbury,

and proceeded to Worcester to see Mrs. Sherwood, the celebrated authoress. The Committee were anxious that she should write more frequently for the Society, and for this purpose requested Mr. W. Jones to seek an interview with her.

From memoranda that he has left he seems to have been highly delighted with the two hours' conversation he enjoyed with this gifted woman. 'I soon discovered,' he says, 'that I was at home in her company. She has a lively sunny countenance. Most pleased was I with her earnest desire to do good. Her kind words encouraged me much to renewed efforts in behalf of that work to which God, in his providence, had called me.'

Whilst, however, Mr. W. Jones was toiling in the country, often depressed at the little success of his efforts, he was cheered by the kind countenance and support of the Committee in London. With two of their number, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Lloyd, he was brought into a more intimate connexion, and he often alludes to the way in which they sympathized with him in his difficulties, and encouraged him to persevere. In the Jubilee Memorial, these, together with himself, are designated 'the threefold cord.'

Long were these three permitted to work together for the good of the Society, each in the peculiar manner suited to his talents and character. By degrees that threefold cord has been fully unravelled, but only to be reunited in a better world.

An extract from a letter written by Mr. Stokes some few years afterwards, on the subject of the discouragements already alluded to, will show how firm and unfailing a friend he was at all times to the Society. 'I believe,' he says, addressing Mr. W. Jones, 'that no one can have a deeper impression than myself of what you have had to go through, and to *bore through*. God, who called you to this work, eminently fitted you for it, and, enabling you to cast all your care upon Him, has carried you through all difficulties, and given you to see the fruits of your labours in an *extraordinary* degree. I have formed this opinion not only from what I have seen and heard of your operations, but reasoning also from what I have myself seen and felt in a more limited circle, when the principle was the same though the opponents neither so numerous, nor so bigoted, as those you have had to do with. Even at the present day I cannot but think, humanly speaking, that it is only the success which has been vouchsafed that causes the altered tone adopted now

(1831) towards the Society. If discord once crept in, if the Society once stopped or retrograded in the least, that moment we should have the "*voice of wisdom*" from a thousand quarters, and should be kindly *helped deeper into the mire.* I do not mean to impute unchristian enmity to any one, and especially rejoice that we have an increasing number of valuable ministerial supporters, but as a body we must not expect leading help from them. They cannot give it to the Religious Tract Society consistently with their principles and views of what is likely to further the Redeemer's kingdom, except in subordination to missionary operations, which must claim their chief efforts. I would always encourage it, and rejoice to have it, and *try* to have it, but I would *never lean upon it.* After all we are but mere instruments, and although, if God pleases, we may be employed to cut through deal boards, or to hew blocks into rude forms; or, as you have been employed, to "*bore through thick-ribbed ice,*" yet we may be laid aside in a moment, and the glory belongs not to the tool but to the hand that guides it.'

An illustration or two of the truthful force of these statements may be furnished from Mr. W. Jones's private memoranda. Few, it is believed, have any idea of the continued efforts that were

needful on the part, not only of himself, but of all others officially connected with the Institution to maintain its efficiency. 'I visited Bath,' he writes, 'and was, of course, anxious to secure the kind co-operation of Mr. Jay. My interview with him was by no means encouraging. "We have a society at Argyll Chapel," he said, "and we send you some £5 a year. People come to Bath to spend their money; they have but little to give away." Not being satisfied with the views of the good man, I called on various ministers and friends, who all seemed willing to co-operate with our Institution. With the concurrence of Mr. Jay's deacons, it was arranged that a meeting should be held in the vestry of Argyll Chapel in a few weeks, and in the meantime I was to address the friends on the subject. This I did, and sent all the letters to one of Mr. Jay's deacons, who had kindly promised to have them delivered. On the arrival of my packet the subject was mentioned again to Mr. Jay, when he saw reason to dissent from our plans, and advised that the letters should be returned, and no meeting held. His objections, however, were overruled, the letters were delivered, a committee was formed, and the Auxiliary Society organized on a more efficient basis. The result has been good, the sales have been tenfold what they had

been, and the £5 donation has often reached £100.

'The success of the Society at Bath, and much kindness received from all friends there, have long since formed a pleasing contrast to my first anticipations in that city.'

Another instance of like character was that of —— in Lancashire; 'Here, our cause,' he says, 'was miserably low. I wrote to the friends of different religious denominations, including, of course, the vicar. The reply from the vicar was unfavourable. Indeed, he said, that nothing could be done, and intimated that I had better not come. But as other ministers were willing to help, and several lay-churchmen were friendly, I felt it my duty to go to the town. On my arrival I proceeded to the vicarage, but my reception was not very cordial. The vicar regretted that he could not accede to my wishes, though he by no means was unfriendly to the cause in general, by taking any active part in our proposed proceedings. I was not a little disheartened, for the good man intimated that he should represent my conduct to the Committee in London. He conceived, that after his letter apprising me that, as he already employed a poor old woman to sell our works, nothing more need or could be done, I was but wasting the

money and time of the Society in coming to his parish.

'Nevertheless, I felt it my duty to persevere. With a heavy heart I went for the purpose of making arrangements for the meeting to the house of a friend, who had kindly promised his co-operation. There I met several other friends, and amongst them a Mr. B., one of the officers of the parish, who had been present, singularly enough, at my interview with the vicar. He consented to take the chair;—it was, indeed, a relief to me. He regretted that he could not coincide with his much-respected minister, and sought in the kindest manner to heal the wound from which he saw I was suffering. The society was formed, and has been ever since one of the most efficient in the north of England.'

Notwithstanding the many difficulties in the way of the Society, they were gradually removed. Year after year William Jones toiled on, earnestly, perseveringly; travelling from place to place during nearly nine months in each year, and advocating almost daily the cause of the Society. By degrees, one opponent after another was conciliated; the support of many, who, for various causes, had held aloof, was secured; new auxiliaries were formed in different parts of the kingdom; and the finances of the Society, which at times

had been a source of much anxiety to the Committee, placed on a safe and sound footing. The singular combination in his character of earnestness and gentleness, by the one quickening zeal, and the other disarming opposition, eminently qualified him for the office which, in the providence of God, he had been called to fill. The labour of his employment was necessarily great; few, it is believed, were at all conscious of the amount of physical effort which it demanded. In truth, nothing but his regular and methodical business habits, his unwearied diligence, and his rigid adherence to one rule, of making everything subordinate to the interests of the Society, could have enabled him to accomplish the amount of work that was unavoidably required of him.

One instance of the varied duties devolving upon him on each recurring visit to an important town shall be given. The example is from Manchester. On his arrival his first duty was to visit the local depository, or the various booksellers who sold the publications of the Society, and confer with them on the accounts, &c. He had next to see the friends of the Institution, and to meet the Committee of the auxiliary society. Then all arrangements were made for the approaching meeting. A dinner-party often followed; then the public meeting, at which, of course, he

took a prominent part, often speaking for more than an hour, whilst advocating the claims of the Society, and giving illustrations of the blessing which had attended its efforts. Even then his work was not over, for very often some friends were asked to meet him in the evening, with whom of course he conversed on the operations of the Society. He seldom retired before the midnight hour, and whilst others were resting he was carrying on the correspondence for which the perpetual employment of the day had left him no time. A friend, whose kind hospitality he invariably enjoyed, when travelling in the north of England, was often surprised at seeing him, when he appeared at the breakfast-table the following morning, with a 'good handful' of letters for the post, all of which had been written since they had parted but a few hours before.

In the month of April he usually visited Devonshire and Cornwall. On this tour he took with him the materials for the Society's annual report, which was, ever since his official connexion with the Society, prepared by him. For several years he wrote this document whilst on his western journey, chiefly on the Saturdays, when no meetings could be held. Thus his time was wholly given to the Society. But little opportunity was afforded for relaxation. His bow was always fully

bent; but this to him was no trial, for, loving the work in which he was engaged, he willingly devoted to it all his energies. Nothing could divert him from what he believed to be the right path; nothing could induce him to neglect, in the slightest degree, the duties of his position.

'If,' he wrote to his eldest son on one occasion, 'we would have peace of mind, we must pursue unswervingly the path of duty. If we would have God's blessing, we must go straight forward on our way, without looking to the right-hand or to the left, but only intent on fulfilling the work to which God has called us.'

The success vouchsafed by God to the labours of the agents of the Society is, of course, very well known to all its friends and supporters. The 'threefold cord' worked happily together. Supported by those good men who formed the members of the successive Committees of the Society, and whose unanimity in council, and steady pursuit of the one absorbing object of their endeavours,—the 'winning souls to Christ,'—tended so materially to help on the good cause, they found their efforts in behalf of the Society crowned with success. Indeed, to the kind support of the Committee, and their unanimity, Mr. W. Jones would often allude. 'In connexion with the labours of the Committee,' he writes, 'there has

been a continued and successful effort to maintain "the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace," which may be regarded as one reason why their exertions have been so eminently blessed of God. This union has not resulted from the sacrifice of principle, because the members have felt "that the unity which the Scriptures demand, is only the unity of those who hold alike the great doctrines of Christian truth, but consent to differ on matters concerning which Scripture does not carry determinate conviction to every honest mind. In the management of the Society, there have been many subjects discussed, which have necessarily called forth various opinions among its members, and yet Christian love and mutual forbearance have sustained the Institution, and the great fact is exhibited to the world, that brethren differing on minor points can unite in making known all essential truths. In giving these truths the widest circulation, as well as in lofty ascriptions of praise to Him who is the fulness and glory of them, all the saints can join—

"The Church triumphant and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present union show;
Their joys are full, our expectation long,
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and saints, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though they dwell apart."'

The 'Jubilee Memorial,' from which the fore-

going extract is taken, contains a full and detailed account of the proceedings of the Society from its commencement in 1799. Many of the particulars recorded, especially those under the head of 'Home Operations,' came under Mr. W. Jones' own observation. The volume contains, amongst other things, a record of his own thirty years' labours in the service of the Society. The results of the efforts made during this period by various friends of the Institution were certainly surprising. When he joined it in 1824 it had already existed *one* quarter of a century, but within that time its labours had been confined almost exclusively to home objects; its issues had been limited to tracts strictly so called; its auxiliaries were but few in number, and some of these were but in a languishing state. The financial condition of the Society was such as caused anxiety, not to say embarrassment, to its friends, for, as the profit arising from sales did not suffice to meet all necessary expenses, the deficiency was supplied from the subscriptions and donations, and more than once were the members of the Committee indebted to the disinterested liberality of friends for temporary loans with which to meet the demands made upon them.

When, however, the Society entered its *second*

quarter of a century, (in 1824,) a material change took place in its prospects. Various plans were then adopted with the object of making the business portion of the Institution self-supporting: amongst others the issue of periodicals and books; the one, making known the operations of the Society, the other, tending, by the profits on their sale, materially to increase the funds. Throughout the country the friends were stirred up to help in the holy work. In ten years, by the blessing of God, great things had been accomplished. The benevolent income of the Society had been well-nigh doubled, the gratuitous issues increased threefold, the receipts from sales more than fivefold, and many new auxiliary societies had been formed in different parts of the country. Moreover, it was during these ten years that it extended its operations in foreign lands, and placed on a firm basis plans that hitherto had been desultory and ill-sustained.[1] And with no little gratitude was it that in the year 1835 the Committee were able to assure their friends throughout the country, that their finances were now in so satisfactory a state as to cause them no further anxiety. The business funds of the Society were altogether independent of its benevolent income. Nay, more, the gratuitous issues in paper and

[1] See Jubilee Memorial, pp. 417—419.

publications, and also in money grants to foreign societies, without any charge whatever for agency, amounted in that year to nearly £900 beyond the whole amount received from the public in subscriptions and other contributions.

And from that time to the present the course of the Society has been one of steady, unbroken progress. In 1854 alone, the amount devoted to gratuitous issues, nearly equalled the whole sum appropriated to this object for the first quarter of a century of the Society's existence. Its foreign operations, hardly commenced in reality till 1824, and not at all contemplated in the original designs of its founders, have been extended to every quarter of the globe. It has sent forth more than five thousand distinct publications, and its total circulation of religious works has amounted to the enormous number of seven hundred and seven millions; and these have been printed in no less than one hundred and twelve distinct languages and dialects. Its auxiliaries now number about three hundred, each sending its tributary stream to increase the volume of the majestic river which thus carries blessings and spiritual fertility through so many of the barren regions of earth. In fact, within half a century from its formation, nearly *one million and a quarter* sterling passed through its treasury. Well

might the friends of the Society be called upon to unite together at their jubilee in 1849 in the words of the psalmist, 'The Lord hath done great things for us: whereof we are glad.'

These results, however, as we have already intimated, were not accomplished without many an anxiety to those who were the chief agents, under God, in procuring them. It is pleasing when we have attained the summit of a high mountain to look back on the rugged steep up which we have clambered, and to smile at the difficulties we may have encountered. In acknowledging the great blessings vouchsafed to the efforts of the friends of the Society, Mr. W. Jones seems almost to forget the seasons of depression through which he passed, more especially at the commencement of his labours. At times he suffered deeply when he saw the want of means threatening, more than once, to cripple the operations of the Society. 'I remember,' he writes, 'on one occasion Mr. Pellatt asked, "What is the extent of our liability as a Committee?" I told him that he had better not enter upon that subject. I hoped the cause would go on well. After the Committee meeting I looked into the accounts. Our liabilities were certainly not less than £10,000. For a moment or two my heart sank within me. On another occasion there was

much opposition, promoted I fear by trade influence and the new and enlarged efforts of the Institution. The magazines, book-publications, church histories, all produced the sound of thunder in the distance. My correspondence with fearful and mistaken friends was extensive. And yet my faith seldom failed me. Once my dear friend Mr. G. Stokes thought that I was indeed depressed. I owned to him that I feared the result of opposition, and that our funds would be materially affected. I shall never forget the energy with which he exclaimed, "If £10,000 are wanted to maintain our cause it shall be forthcoming." I knew the man, and from that hour I cast my doubts to the winds. Never since have I felt timid concerning the well-being of the Society. Indeed the finances of the Society have prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations. For many years now (1854) the Committee have had no liability whatever in pecuniary matters, the Society's actual property being a complete indemnity to them.'[1]

Mr. W. Jones' own reflections on the great success vouchsafed to the Society, and the duty

[1] Mr. W. Jones' sketch of the origin and progress of the Society for the first fifty years of its existence, given at the JUBILEE BREAKFAST held May 9, 1849, was most interesting. It was printed in the 'Christian Spectator' of May 16, 1849.

incumbent on all Christians to use increased efforts for the promotion of its holy objects, are too striking to be omitted.

'Could the venerable founders and early friends of the Society now look back on the origin of the cause they loved and promoted, and for which they disinterestedly laboured, and view its present position, how elevated would be their joy! They would find their first circulation of *two hundred thousand* tracts in *one* language increased to *five hundred millions* in *one hundred and ten* languages and dialects, and their first receipts of *four hundred and sixty-seven* pounds extended to more than *one million*. These surprising and unexpected results would call forth their loftiest praises to God, whose blessing has so abundantly followed their efforts to glorify his holy name.

'It is true that a portion of the seed which has been widely sown by the Society may have fallen by the way-side, in stony places, and among thorns, but facts abundantly prove that other portions have fallen into good ground, and have borne much fruit. Sinners have been converted to God,—Christians edified and comforted,—backsliders mercifully restored, and numerous evils prevented by timely admonitions. The seed of the word has also been scattered in the

midst of our population, and though spiritual benefits have not always been attained, yet it has been prolific for good in the moral and social ameliorations which it has conferred, particularly on the rising generation.

'If a careful examination of the Society's history affords satisfactory evidence that its *home* labours have been beneficial, the *foreign* portion of its proceedings suggests a variety of pleasing and animating considerations. These extensive operations do not appear to have been contemplated by its founders, and there is reason to believe that many of the warmest and most liberal supporters of the Religious Tract Society have been too little acquainted with their great extent.

'The Missionary Institutions led the way to the foreign field. Their agents discovered that in heathen countries in which letters were known, the literature was polluted by all the abominations of people who were living "without God in the world." In other lands the inhabitants were found in the same state of moral degradation, but without a written language through which "the common salvation" could be made known. Missionaries had accordingly to devote many years in order to master difficult tongues, and when they became proficient in them, they gave their few

unemployed hours to the preparation of suitable tracts for the instruction of the people for whom they toiled. The author, sometimes, from necessity, became the printer of his own productions, and laboured diligently in working off the sheets from the type he had carefully put together.

'The foreign proceedings of the Society, aided by the disinterested labours of the missionaries of all denominations, have been productive of the most important benefits to the heathen and unenlightened nations of the world. In some cases, when the people were just emerging from a state of barbarism, the Christian press has given a sanctified character to the first literature they possessed. The rude language of the savage has, after being reduced to a written standard, conveyed to his darkened mind the truth as it is in Jesus. Among nations the most ancient, the leaven of the gospel has been diffused, the errors of ages exposed, and, in some cases, counteracted. Through the printing press the Society has exposed the errors of Popery on the Continent, of Mohammedanism in the East, and of Paganism in heathen lands.

'The question may be properly asked: "By what means have these great results been obtained and secured for the long period of fifty

years?" The reply is cheerfully and gratefully made—they have been freely bestowed by the Lord, and by his good pleasure they have been continued. He has given efficiency to the instrumentality employed; and after reviewing the whole of the Society's history, and the fruits which have been gathered from its labours, the conductors of the Institution would ascribe all its success to Him, and adopt the solemn language of the apostle, "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

'The Divine blessing, however, has been graciously connected with the disinterested labours, prayerful perseverance, and constant jealousy for the truth, of the Christian men who have had the management of the Society's affairs. Its officers and Committees have discharged their solemn trust with remarkable energy and punctuality, and in all the publications which have been circulated, both at home and in foreign lands, they have shown an invariable anxiety fully to make known the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ.

'The agency necessary for the future advancement of the Society's objects will be raised up when the same is needed. Christian men will appear in due season, imbued with the spirit, and possessed of the energies and wisdom of a Burder,

a Hughes, a Richmond, and a Stokes.[1] In all probability, a large portion of the work connected with the evangelization of the world will devolve on our country and her colonies. Our national position in the midst of the kingdoms of the earth, and our national progress, have already enabled us to plant the tree of life in many parts of the globe. Our possessions are found in almost every latitude, and people civilized and barbarous acknowledge our rule. Nations distant from each other, and dissimilar in language, colour, and religion, have become fellow-subjects in the same great empire. Colonies established by other powers are now, by the providence of God, the dependants of our sea-girt island, and within the reach of our influence. Our language and our religious literature will continue to follow our national course, and will become identified with a large portion of the world's population. Our commanding position, therefore, calls loudly on the churches of our country, by every practicable means, to "hold forth the word of life" to all nations.

'What the future trials or triumphs of the Society may be, are altogether unknown. If, however, evangelical truth continues to enrich

[1] This was written in 1850. May we not now (1855) add to this list of worthies the names of William Freeman Lloyd and William Jones?

its publications, and if its supporters, with uncompromising fidelity, and without reserve, determine to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, the Institution, guided and blessed by the Holy Spirit, will continue to advance in its course until its own successes, with those of kindred associations, render its agency no longer necessary. Then the wearied labourer will cease from his work, and with those who, in every age, have been "valiant for the truth upon the earth," will unite in the glorious anthem: "Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever."[1]

We will now return to our narrative, from which we digressed, in order to show the great success that attended the efforts of the Society's friends during a certain period of its existence. On the retirement of Mr. John Davis, in 1842, from his office as Superintendent, the general direction of the Society's affairs devolved on Mr. W. Jones. He was now required to give more of his personal attendance in London, and was, of course, unable any longer to bestow his undivided attention on the claims of the auxiliaries, the friends of which always looked to him,

[1] Jubilee Memorial, pp. 633—640.

at their respective anniversaries, as the representative and advocate of the parent Institution. This part of his duties he by degrees delegated to others, though, till nearly the end of life, except when strictly forbidden by his medical advisers, he was in the habit of attending some public meetings in behalf of the Society.

He carried into all the details of the business of the Society the same habits of regularity and persevering diligence that we have noticed as characteristic of his course as travelling secretary. He thought it his duty to make himself acquainted, and that accurately, with the working of every department of the Society. Those who knew him intimately can testify abundantly how much kindness was mingled with that firmness with which he thought it right to maintain the discipline of the establishment, and how scrupulously conscientious he was in everything that concerned the well-being of the Society. The anecdote related by Mr. Barnes, the Member of Parliament for Bolton, at a recent anniversary meeting, is but one instance, out of many that might be mentioned, of his unbending determination to conduct all business arrangements on the principle of the strictest integrity.[1]

[1] 'Some two or three years ago,' said Mr. Barnes, 'there was a friend of mine, a paper-maker, who expressed his suspicion that

The efforts that were made, during the years that he held, in addition to the secretaryship, the superintendency of the Society, in behalf of various *special* objects, were carried out mainly through his exertions. He originated most of them,—the appeals were generally written by him,—the business arrangements were principally conducted by him. In this last remark we refer to the efforts he made, immediately after taking the office of Superintendent, to rebuild the premises of the Society. After much negotiation with the owners of the property, conducted, it is believed, chiefly by himself, and by means of funds raised, to a great extent, by his exertions, the Committee were able to erect the present commodious premises at a cost of more than £15,000, without touching one penny of the free subscriptions, donations, and contributions given to the Society for its gratuitous objects.

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there was jobbery connected with the house in Paternoster-row, for he had often gone and solicited orders, but never obtained one. As he was one of the largest paper-makers in the world, he was at last invited to bring in samples. He went, and as he was going to meet Mr. Jones, he was quite sure he should obtain a profitable order. His samples were shown, and he was told he could have no order. Why not? Because you were buying ten per cent. cheaper than he was selling. I think this is a good illustration of the manner in which the business department of this Society is conducted.'

It would be wrong were we not, in passing, also to notice the great success that attended his efforts in 1849 in raising the 'Jubilee Fund,' the proceeds of which were devoted to special objects in connexion with the labours of the Society, amongst which were the spiritual wants of Ireland and the Continent of Europe. The amount raised exceeded his most sanguine expectations. When he first set the effort on foot, he hoped to raise by great exertions a *thousand* pounds;—to his joy he found the fund gradually increase, until at last it reached well nigh nine times that sum;—the actual amount was £8883 13*s.* 9*d.*

Indeed his mind was not only most practical, but eminently suggestive. He was always on the watch, on his journeys or in his office at Paternoster Row, at home or abroad, for any plan which he thought would advance the good work in which the Society was engaged. He was accustomed to record with scrupulous accuracy all facts illustrative of the usefulness of the Society's publications;—these were narrated in the successive Reports of the Society, and the most remarkable of them were reproduced in the 'Jubilee Volume.' The editors of the periodicals published by the Society were often indebted

to him for incidents which formed the groundwork of many of their articles. Though he never wrote any of the papers sent forth under the name of 'Old Humphrey,' an opinion which, as is well known, was at one time extensively current, yet this ingenious author was frequently furnished with materials by Mr. W. Jones. The 'Monthly Volume,' which was commenced in 1845, was, it is believed, the result of a conversation with an intelligent friend of the Society in a large town in the north of England, who spoke of the need of such volumes to meet 'the new development and growing intelligence of the times,' and to 'supply a large number of people who could only spare time enough for the perusal of a small volume, and whose means would not allow of a large purchase' with works of acknowledged merit and worth on literary or scientific subjects. The words of Dr. Arnold, which were chosen as the motto for the series, well described the character of this publication,—'I never wanted articles on religious subjects half so much as articles on common subjects written with a decidedly Christian tone.'

The details that have already been set before our readers, will have given a tolerably correct answer to the question which may perhaps have

occurred to some, viz., what was the secret of Mr. W. Jones' success in his efforts on behalf of the Society. As the Committee kindly state in a resolution forwarded to his family shortly after his decease,—'His sound judgment, and remarkable administrative power, and clear perception which the principles of the Society should exert in all its practical details, contributed, under the Divine blessing, in no small degree, to the extension of the Society's operations at home and abroad, and the place that it now holds in the confidence of the Christian Church.' His 'wisdom and unassuming deportment in council, his perseverance and energy in labour, his unfailing faith in God in seasons of disappointment,'—these also they recognise as among the secret springs of that influence which he gained and used so well for the advancement of the cause which he so much loved.

And after all, these last few words,—the cause which he *so much loved*,—give us the key that explains his success. He thoroughly *loved* the work in which he was engaged;—he completely identified himself with it. Reflecting in his whole life and opinions the principles on which the Society was founded,—the 'right man in the right place,'—he showed by his *earnestness* how completely his affections were given to the good

cause. All connected with its interests, even apparent trifles, became matters of importance with him. The spectacles with which 'Amelia Gale'[1] first learned to read her Bible; the epitaph on her tomb-stone, written by the poet Montgomery,—a small butterfly drawn on a card by 'Elizabeth Kenning,'[2] and gratefully presented to him,—a few blades of grass or sprigs of evergreen from the grave of the 'Young Cottager,'—a piece of banana-leaf on which was printed, at one of the missionary stations in the West Indies, a hymn entitled 'Plenitude de Jesus' ('The Fulness of Jesus'),—these and similar treasures were kept in his 'secretaire;'—these were the only 'pearls' that had any charm for him or any real value in his eyes.

It was, of course, as the *public* advocate of the Society in different parts of England that he was chiefly known. To his powers as a speaker we shall presently allude, but first of all it would be wrong to pass over that influence which he gained in his *private* intercourse with friends. There was a sincerity and warm-heartedness about him that at once found admission into the hearts of others. His 'habitual courtesy, his sympathy in all that affected the happiness of those around him, and his Christian consistency,

[1] See Tract, No. 266. [2] See Tract, No. 375.

caused his presence to be highly valued in every family circle which he visited.' Very many instances of the warm friendship felt for him by families, whom he first visited as the representative of the Society, have come to the knowledge of the writer. One, now holding an important position in the north of England, who knew him, will give striking testimony to the truth of the above statement. 'I have,' he says, 'a most happy recollection of your father. He is associated with my very earliest remembrances. He was, I think, invariably our guest, and his annual visit was looked forward to with joy by the whole household. His face was perpetual sunshine. His presence woke chords of joy as soon as he appeared. I loved him when I was quite a boy; and when I became better able to understand and appreciate a man's worth he took a place in my esteem which is occupied by very few. Nor is it in the least difficult to say for what I liked him. It was his radiant, unmistakeable kindliness. He was always the same Mr. Jones from year to year. The same unvarying smile of benevolence walked in with him,—benevolence, not in its conventional sense, which is often a very narrow thing,—but in its broadest sense, *Good will*. I have still some of the books which he used to leave every year as a present to

me, and can see now the wisdom that gave the merely entertaining book to the boy of *ten*, the more serious book to the opening youth.'

There is many a family in various parts of England that can testify that the above picture is not an exaggerated one. It was in his private intercourse with friends, that, perhaps more than by his public appeals, he enlisted sympathy, and, it may be, disarmed opposition. Even apart from that respect which real, though unostentatious, piety, evident sincerity of purpose, and known consistency of conduct, were sure to have conciliated, there were other features in his character which added to the attraction of his society. A fixed determination to avoid all topics of a controversial nature which might offend the prejudices of the weakest,—a golden rule, which, as he always commended it to his children, so he faithfully obeyed it himself,—to say what *good* he was able concerning others, and to be silent respecting their failings;—to be no tale-bearer or mischief-maker;—a large stock of worldly prudence, we might term it *common-sense*, which enabled him almost intuitively to strike out the course of wisdom and discretion;—above all, a large and sympathising heart, ever ready to listen with patience to the tale of trouble, and to pity, if he could not alleviate,—these were qualifications

which *secured*, and, what is more, *retained*, to the end of life, the affectionate esteem of many with whom he became first acquainted on some one or other of his journeys as the representative of the Society. And when we add to these, a fund of anecdote, acquired by a habit of observation, and stored up by a retentive memory, considerable conversational powers, and a sparkling, though always chastened, humour, we wonder not at the fascination avowedly felt by many in his society.

Since his decease, many evidences of the affectionate esteem felt for him by friends in every part of the country, and the ready welcome they ever afforded him, have come to the knowledge of the compiler of this volume. One, at whose fireside he often sat, writes—'I always felt, when he came under my roof, that I was entertaining a "man of God." We still call the little room where he used to sleep the "prophet's chamber." There was always about him a tone of simple and unaffected piety.' And many a record that he left behind him,—in a brief sentence written in a book given as a present,—in a short entry in an album,—in kindly counsel,—in a few words at parting,—is treasured up in the memory of his friends in all parts of England. More than one, too, have called to mind those short, but touching expositions of Holy Scripture which

often fell from his lips. Are there not some who are reading these pages, that can remember his beautiful comment on what he would call 'The Traveller's Psalm,' (Psalm cxxi.) and which he was wont to commence in this way:—'The margin reads "Shall I lift up mine eyes to the hills? From whence cometh *my* help?" Not from the hills,—not from any *earthly* source,—*my* help cometh from the great God himself, who hath made heaven and earth,' &c.—Cannot some, moreover, call to mind his remarks, natural enough to one engaged in a work, the object of which was the diffusion of Divine truth, on 'The Missionary Psalm,' as he termed it, (Psalm lxxii.) in which he dwelt on the glorious promises of the future extension of the Church of Christ, and showed how, in this *one* object, the psalmist's hopes and prayers seemed to find their issue;—'Let the whole earth be filled with his glory;—the prayers of David the son of Jesse are *ended*,—he had no further hope or desire than this.'—Or, once more, cannot they recall his heartfelt remarks on the twenty-third Psalm, or on the 10th chapter of St. John's Gospel, in which he would dwell on the love of the Good Shepherd for his chosen flock, guiding them in life, strengthening and supporting them in death, blessing them throughout eternity. How one loves to call back thoughts

familiar to him in his early years—truths which hundreds besides himself have had impressed on them by him, who now, in a better world, is realizing them in all their fulness.

As a *public* advocate, few who have heard him plead the cause of the Society can fail to have been struck with the easy, natural, way in which, without any apparent effort to himself, he made his statement, and set forth grounds on which the Society asked for the support of the Christian public. With a musical voice and clear intonation, a fluent utterance and entire self-possession, his speech, full of interesting anecdote and earnest feeling, seldom failed to gain the attention of his auditory. And here again we may quote the words of a friend, whose testimony to Mr. W. Jones' private worth has already been given.[1] 'Your father's speech,' he writes, 'at our anniversary meetings always powerfully moved me. There was something so musical about it. It flowed on, not like some broad, sluggish river, nor like some unctuous mountain torrent, but like one of those brooks which are always musical, and yet ever changeful in volume or in force. There was stream enough to carry you along without any toil, and yet it was pleasure sailing. He was frequently to me a lesson upon the *force of gentleness*.

[1] Supra, p. 127.

I have seen and heard him when cultured eloquence has been on one side of him, and rugged earnestness on the other; but he alone drew tears, or moved to that deep silence that tells of a yet stronger emotion.' Are there not many who will bear willing testimony to the truth of the above striking description? How many have been thus moved as they listened to a simple tale of some poor sinner brought, through the instrumentality of the Society, to the Saviour's feet, related in all simple earnestness, by one whose every tone showed how truly he would have all partakers of a like zeal with himself, in the great work of making known the Gospel of Christ in the world. Heart answereth to heart. Full of deep and affectionate feeling himself, he had no difficulty in influencing the hearts of others. This, in truth, was the great secret of his success;—

'Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.'

It is not pretended that there was any striking genius, or perhaps much originality of thought displayed in Mr. W. Jones's public efforts. But he had a power, hardly less valuable than originality of conception, of making the thoughts of others his own, of taking valuable ore wherever he found it, and, after melting it in the crucible of his own mind, reproducing it with his own

impress upon it. He had, moreover, great tact in seizing the salient points of facts that came under his own knowledge, and introducing them, at the proper time and place, as illustrations of some general truths which he was endeavouring to elucidate. But, after all, it was his simple earnestness,—his *naturalness*,—that charmed his hearers. He was full of his subject,—it was his life-study, he was, in fact, the 'homo unius libri,'—he had mastered every matter connected with it—every detail of its working was familiar to him as 'household words.' Hence his fluency and self-possession, when pleading for this the absorbing topic of his thoughts and hopes. 'How,' asked a friend of him on one occasion, 'did you acquire the power of speaking so easily, and at such length, without hesitation.' His reply was most truthful. 'Any one can speak on a subject he thoroughly understands, and in which his feelings are deeply interested.'

In the course of his numerous journeys, he was at times, especially during the earlier part of his career, placed in circumstances, which to some would have caused embarrassment; but it is not known that his calm self-possession ever forsook him. His large stock of *common-sense*, which, after all, seems to have been the great feature in his character, always stood him in good stead,

and he was equal to every emergency. He took care never, as he termed it, to 'trespass on the territory of others, and travel out of his own domain,' and every bye-lane there was fully known to him. In overcoming obstacles raised by the apathetic or the timid to the progress of the Society, or in answering objections openly urged against it, he was equally successful. He seemed never at a loss how to act under any difficulty, real or apparent.

On one occasion, for instance, he arrived in a small town in the west of England, and found the friends but little prepared for a meeting. They talked of postponement to some more convenient season. This, however, did not suit the zealous Secretary. In stating the result to his son, a little time afterwards, he said, 'We had a singular scene at ——. I was a complete pluralist. I was Chairman, Secretary, Deputation, Speaker;—I had to move all the resolutions, and, last not least, to turn clerk, and set the tune at the close of the meeting.' He ended by expressing a hope that such a 'monopoly' would be abolished at the date of his next visit to the town.

At another meeting, some objections were started against the Society for publishing *books* at all; the speaker contending that *tracts* only were

properly within the province of the *Tract* Society. Mr. W. Jones rose to reply, and suggested, with quiet humour, that perhaps his friend had hardly a correct notion of what, according to the definition of the great lexicographer, a *tract* might really comprise. He then, with considerable naiveté, and, to the great amusement of the meeting, proceeded to read an extract from a paper communicated a short time previously to the 'Christian Spectator,' by his valued friend and fellow-labourer Mr. G. Stokes.

'Dr. Johnson's definition of a tract is, "a treatise, a small book." The latter, however, is by no means a precise definition; many of our old writers were accustomed to call their treatises, "tracts," and that without much distinction as to size. Folios may occasionally be seen, the author of which speaks with complacency of "thys my litel tract." Another amusing instance may be mentioned. To the "Catechisme," written by Becon, are prefixed the following lines:—

'Though I be smal in quantitie,
Yet despise me not, good reader;
For perchaunce thou shalt fynde in me,
That wanteth in many greater.'

'This catechism, so "smal in quantitie," contains 542 pages of small folio!'

On another occasion he was publicly asked, by one who had more zeal than discretion, whether the publications of the Society were intended to be of a Calvinistic or Arminian tendency; he was moreover assured, that, on his answer, would depend the support of the interrogator. 'Our motto,' he replied, 'in the Tract Society is,—"Christians, not parties." If, however, my friend wishes a further answer to his question I will answer it to the best of my ability. We endeavour in our tracts to have no more Calvinism than we find in the 8th chapter of Romans, and no more Arminianism than is to be found in the Epistle of St. James.' His opponent was silent, if not satisfied and convinced.

It is impossible, in any description, to convey an adequate idea of the effects he would often, we might say commonly, produce as a public speaker. He must have been heard to be duly appreciated. No doubt one of the chief excellences of his public addresses consisted in that great power which he had of bringing the various facts of usefulness that came under his notice, to bear on the special points that, from time to time, he would dwell upon, in pleading for the Society. He had few equals in narrating such facts, especially any which in their details appealed to the tender feelings of his auditory. As a master of pathos

—simple, telling, pathos—he has seldom been exceeded. And when, on the other hand, he would give play to his natural humour, how completely would he carry his hearers with him. Are there not some who read this narrative that can recollect his humorous illustration of the 'strange places into which tracts find their way,' as explained to him by a poor shoemaker who once found such a fragment between the soles of a pair of shoes;—or of the encouragement to persevere in spite of every obstacle, assured that 'where there's a will there's a way,' as exemplified by the poor old pensioner who had lost a leg in his country's service, and who, when doors were about to be shut in his face, would quickly slip his *wooden* leg in the crevice and pass a tract inside? And cannot they testify, at the same time, how, after thus gaining their attention, he would lead them on from amusing to edifying thought, and always close with a warm appeal to their affections, based on the love they owed to Him who 'gave his life a ransom for many?'

In the 'Jubilee Memorial'[1] he has collected together a number of facts of usefulness which no doubt many of his friends will have recognised as those which they had previously heard narrated by himself. They are well worth an attentive

[1] Ch. XXI. 'On the Usefulness of Home Operations.'

perusal. Of his success in his appeals in behalf of the Society we might easily multiply instances. Let two suffice; they shall be told, as far as possible, in his own words.

Many years ago, accompanied by the late Rev. William Chaplin, he went on a tour through several of the western counties. At Cheltenham, Mr. Chaplin pleaded for the cause in the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel; and at the close of his discourse Mr. W. Jones described its operations. The night was cold, the attendance was small, and no interest appeared to be excited. The Deputation retired much discouraged, and feared that no good had resulted from their visit. Time rolled on, when a minister from Norfolk arrived in London to solicit the aid of the Christian public for a benevolent object. He called on Mr. W. Jones, who knew and highly appreciated the character of his friend, and promised to visit with him a few persons likely to respond to his appeal. They passed along Blackfriars-road, and came to the door of a tradesman who, it was stated, was accustomed to help forward every good cause. He was a stranger to both the applicants. The object was briefly stated to him by Mr. W. Jones. He paused, and then somewhat roughly replied, 'You are the last man, Sir, to come here and collect for a good object!' 'Why so?' was the

inquiry. 'Because the last time I saw you, Sir, you picked my pocket of half a sovereign.' This was a grave charge, until thus explained. 'I was at Cheltenham, much afflicted, to try the benefit of the waters. My time passed heavily away. One evening I went to the Countess's, and heard the sermon. You afterwards entered the pulpit, and began to tell some facts. After listening awhile, I thought "I'll give a shilling to the collection;" but other facts raised my benevolent feelings to half a crown; further statements, to half a sovereign. I then left; for I thought I should give all I had with me if I remained.' It is believed that this was the first time the afflicted tradesman heard fully about the Society. Soon after this interview he finished his earthly course, leaving the Society a portion of his residuary property, which realized the sum of £690. The service at Cheltenham appeared unproductive of good; but the future results taught the important lesson,—'Never despise the day of small things.'

On another occasion Mr. W. Jones was about to attend a meeting in a town in the east of England. He was previously invited to spend part of the day with a gentleman who had not been known to display much liberality in connexion with religious objects. The love also of a quiet

and retired life had kept him from frequent intercourse with the official friends of our public institutions. The invitation was accepted: the conversation during the afternoon was cheerful and profitable, and when the time for the public meeting was advancing, the gentleman called Mr. W. Jones into his garden and said, 'I can't go with you, I am so troubled with rheumatic pains that I am obliged to keep away; but here—take this for your cause,'—and placed £20 in his hand. The sum was so large compared with the donations he had been accustomed to give, that it called forth the grateful feelings of the Society's local friends.

About twelve months afterwards Mr. W. Jones arrived in the same town, to be present at the anniversary of the auxiliary. Before he attended the service, he called on the gentleman who had so generously contributed to the funds at his previous visit. He found him much reduced in health, and greatly depressed in spirits. In the course of a brief conversation, he made an affecting and solemn remark: 'Tis a sad thing to find out how to live, just before we are going to die.' 'True, dear sir,' was the reply; 'but it is a mercy to find out how to live before the hour of death does arrive.' 'I'll make it up £100,' was the next remark. Mr. W. Jones did not at the moment

catch the meaning of his friend. He, however, wished to add £80 to his previous donation of £20, and soon afterwards carried his wishes into effect.

It sometimes happens, when the last hours of life rapidly approach, that the remembrance of the past leads the aged traveller powerfully to feel 'that he has left undone the things that he ought to have done.' He may then be in danger of devoting his property to important objects, without seriously weighing the motives that influence the gift. Without questioning those motives, Mr. W. Jones, in the letter in which he acknowledged the second donation, felt it his duty to point out the only true foundation of a sinner's hope, and to state that our offerings were acceptable to God only when they were the fruits of the constraining love of the Divine Redeemer.

One of his official friends, on reading the letter, before it was despatched, asked, 'Is it proper to send a "Lecture on Justification by Faith" when thanking a generous friend for his contribution?' He, however, felt that the remarks it contained could not be offensive to one who desired to know the truth. The letter was kindly received; and in a few months afterwards a pithy note was addressed to Mr. W. Jones, stating, 'I have directed my bankers to pay to you £1000 for

your Society.' Such a communication produced a wonderful impression on the minds of the friends acquainted with all the circumstances. Not many months after this large donation was transmitted, the days of this liberal friend were numbered; but by his testamentary arrangements he bequeathed the sum of £2000 to the Society on the death of his esteemed widow. 'How seasonably,' he adds after narrating the above circumstance, 'are the wants of benevolent societies supplied by the overruling providence of our Heavenly Father!'

CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR.

'For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, O Lord!
Forgive me, Lord, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine;
But if 'mongst all Thou findest one,
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.'

THE official duties devolving on Mr. W. Jones left him but little leisure for literary effort. One is surprised that he was able to prepare so much as he did, considering that everything he wrote was composed amid the incessant engagements of his office, the faithful fulfilment of which was amply sufficient for the energies of any ordinary man.

His literary engagements connected with the Society, however, were considerable. At the first, in 1825, he was, as he expresses it, 'a very humble editor.' He edited tracts, selected sermons for publication, and passed them through

the press. He also selected and prepared some of the tract volumes issued under the titles of 'The Prisoner's Manual,' 'Artisan's Assistant,' 'Christian's Help.' For thirty-one successive years he wrote the Annual Report, a document requiring much research and the careful abridgement of the correspondence and minutes of the proceedings of the Committee. Nearly all the circulars and addresses, particularly the appeals for funds on the occasions of the rebuilding the business premises in 1842, and of the Jubilee in 1849, were written by him. Some of the latter, which are printed in the 'Christian Spectator,' were stirring calls on the religious public for help, written evidently by one in earnest in the good work for which he asked their co-operation.

The following little works in the catalogue of the Society were also written by him at different times. Some of them, by the blessing of God, have been the means of doing much good.—TRACTS: No. 375. 'The Brand plucked out of the Fire.' No. 380. 'Jerry Creed.' No. 396. 'How do we know there is a God,' adapted from Todd. No. 524. 'The Wedding Garment.' No. 561. 'Are you prepared for Heaven?' adapted from J. J. Gurney. JUVENILE WORKS: 'I'm afraid I have a Soul;' 'The Flower gathered;' 'Not Yet.' Those which belonged

to the Narrative Series were accounts of facts which came under his own observation during his journeys in behalf of the Society.

The principal work, however, of an official nature in which he was engaged was 'The Jubilee Memorial.' This necessarily occupied a large portion of his time. For several years he had contemplated the possibility of being called upon for the discharge of such a duty, or at all events of being asked to furnish the necessary materials for such a work. 'When, in the Jubilee year,' he writes, 'such a memorial was called for, and it was suggested that I should write it, I at first urged the Committee to depute the work to other hands. It was felt by them, that, besides myself, there had been but two friends, who were from circumstances sufficiently intimate with the history of the Society, to justify their undertaking the work, viz., Mr. Stokes and Mr. Lloyd. The former of these had been called to his rest on the 31st of May, 1847, and the latter had been compelled very recently, from ill-health, to retire from all active engagements in connexion with the Society. Mr. Stokes, had his life been spared, would have been a very efficient historian. Mr. Lloyd's indisposition prevented his undertaking the labour, but he promised to revise the manuscript.'

Under all the circumstances in which the Committee were placed, Mr. Jones felt it his duty to undertake the labour of compiling the 'Jubilee Memorial.' He was one of the few survivors that seemed to be connecting links between the present and the past, between the early friends and the existing managers of the Society.

It has been already intimated that the prospect of being called upon to co-operate at least in the preparation of the Society's history, led him, for several years, to collect the needful materials, and to examine the records. He devoted his vacant hours, and they were but few, to the compilation of statistics. This was a long and perplexing task, though in this and other matters he derived much assistance from the communications made by Mr. Stokes to the Society's work 'The Christian Spectator.' The early records of the Society were brief and very imperfect.

At length he gave himself to the task. He always regretted that he did not retire from all business engagements during its preparation. On the contrary, he was in business all day, and then retired to his room, giving himself to composition till long after the midnight hour. This labour was continued for many months, including the time during which the work was

passing through the press. The plan and execution of the work were entirely his own: no one assisted him. Its commencement was most perplexing. His room was literally covered with minute books, reports, letters, and documents, extending through a period of fifty years. The primary arrangements were most tedious. However, great perseverance completed the task, and within fifteen months from its commencement an octavo volume of seven hundred pages was produced.

The 'Jubilee Memorial' will probably have been in the hands of very many who read these pages. It is a complete history of the Society during the first half century of its existence. It is no dry record, no mere statistical account of receipts and expenditure, of tracts and books published and distributed, but contains a mass of information of varied character, all bearing more or less directly on the subject of the volume. The first formation of the Society and the principles on which it was founded,—the earliest addresses of the Committee,—brief, but very interesting sketches of its founders and first supporters;—the Society's secretaries and officers,—its locality and depositories—its publications and funds—these are the subjects of the first thirteen chapters of the book. Then follow

accounts of the HOME operations of the Society; —and under this head, in successive chapters, we have a record of active distributors,—auxiliary societies,—the benefit of distribution of religious books and tracts as ascertained in many well authenticated facts;—the gratuitous operations of the Society;—the efforts made through hawkers and colporteurs, or by the loan system, to circulate religious truth. Then we have a record of the Society's FOREIGN operations, carried on in every part of the world. The concluding chapters of the volume are occupied with answers to objections,—and a general review of the progress of the Tract Society during the fifty years. The book will remain as a monument to the industry and perseverance of its author. With him, indeed, it was a 'labour of love.' Very truthfully does he say in the concluding sentences of the preface to the work—

'The compiler of this volume commends it to the kind forbearance of the Society's friends. Although the condensation of its proceedings for fifty years has been a work of considerable difficulty, yet the constant exhibitions of the Divine goodness furnished by its records have been most refreshing to his spirit. In completing the work, he can sincerely employ the language of Bishop

Horne, in reference to his "Commentary on the Psalms:" "And now, could the author hope that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour.—He arose fresh as the morning to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Happier hours than those which have been spent in its preparation he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for, when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet."'

One fact in connexion with the compilation of this volume its author always felt to be of especial interest. It was written whilst he was living in an official residence forming part of the premises of the Religious Tract Society. His own words will best describe the hallowed associations connected with that spot, — the thoughts that were ever present to his mind whilst he was compiling his volume:—

'There are few spots in London more fruitful in historical recollections of the past ages of the church than the neighbourhood in which the

Society has been located from its commencement. There scenes of bitter persecution, for conscience' sake, have been witnessed by our Protestant forefathers; and enlightened minds, who longed for the spread of knowledge, have rejoiced in the issue of some of the earliest publications for the young, though they sorrowed to find them mingled with sentiments not in accordance with "the true sayings of God." They believed that these productions would prepare the way for others of a better character; and in their hopes they were not disappointed.

'Great have been the events which have transpired within a small circle around the Society's Depository. Within its precincts martyrs once bore a noble testimony for the truth; Wickliff met his haughty and imperious persecutors, who challenged him to recant his principles; and Tyndale's Testaments and Luther's writings were committed to the flames. These views of former times will lead the friends of the Society to mark the wonderful changes which have taken place in the district, and to admire the merciful workings of Divine providence, which has established in a locality so replete with soul-stirring associations, a truly Protestant and evangelical Institution. Only a few minutes' walk from this site is Smithfield,

the hallowed spot where part of the glorious army of martyrs suffered.

'At the west end of old St. Paul's Church was the Lollards' Tower, where William Living and his wife were confined. It was used as the Bishop's prison for heretics. Here William Hume was slain, after being condemned as a heretic for having had a Wickliff's Bible in his house.

'On the north side of the cathedral, and near the present Depository of the Religious Tract Society, stood the celebrated Paul's Cross. "Here Wolsey began, in 1521, with fulminating, by command of the pope, against one master Eleutherius" (Luther). The denouncement was made by Fisher; but Wolsey sat by, in his usual state, censed and canopied, with the pope's ambassador on the one side of him, and the emperor's on the other.

'Not far from this famous spot, and only a few feet from part of the Society's Depository, stands the Chapter-house, "where Cranmer, in the winter of 1534, standing up before the assembled clergy, recommended that His Majesty would vouchsafe to decree that the Scriptures should be translated into the vulgar tongue by some honest and learned men, to be nominated by the king, and to be delivered unto the king, according to

their learning." The archbishop's effort failed; but the English refugee, Coverdale, on the continent, who had for years been "set to the most sweet smell of holy letters," proceeded to avail himself of the favourable crisis to hasten through the press a complete translation of the Bible in English.

'Next to the Chapter-house, and on the site so long occupied by Messrs. Bowles and Carver, the celebrated print-sellers, but now by Messrs. Hall and Allen, stood the Shunammite's house, where the preachers who officiated at Paul's Cross were lodged. In the reign of James the First, the lord mayor and aldermen ordered that every one who should preach there, "considering the journeys some of them might take from the universities, or elsewhere, should, at his pleasure, be freely entertained for five days' space with sweet and convenient lodging, fire, candle, and all other necessaries."

'A description has been given of the Society's locality as it was, but how marvellously has it been changed in the course of years. Now the writings of Wickliff, Luther, and Tyndale are sent forth *from the same spot on which they were formerly consumed;* and within five minutes' walk from the place where the Lollards' Tower stood, and the Scriptures were destroyed, is the

Depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society! Had William Hume seen that bright star in the long distance, "he would have rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Surely these things "are the Lord's doing; they are marvellous in our eyes."'

Another work that proceeded from Mr. Jones's pen, in connexion with the Religious Tract Society, though it was printed for private circulation only, was entitled 'Recollections of the late George Stokes, Esq.' It is a brief record of this excellent man's unwearied and disinterested efforts in connexion with the Society, and his liberal pecuniary support of its objects. Its chief design is to show how much may be accomplished for a religious institution by the well-regulated and persevering zeal of a single individual. No less than *two hundred* separate tracts, translations, juvenile and other larger volumes, appear to have been prepared, during the course of thirty years, by this zealous labourer in the tract cause. The 'Recollections,' though brief, are deeply interesting. His general summary of his friend's character, and of his adaptation to the work to which he was called, is, as many can testify, very truthful.

'The power,' he says, 'of a single individual to do much good has been clearly illustrated by

these recollections. Mr. Stokes was a man of useful, rather than of splendid talents. He never aimed at objects beyond his reach, and, therefore, his plans seldom failed. He was naturally retiring in his habits; tracts or books, therefore, were to him appropriate means for doing good, and he felt anxious to multiply their number. He was a diligent student, and a very retentive memory enabled him promptly to call all his stores into use. He was not a literary miser. He collected knowledge that he might freely impart it. His light was not put under a bushel, but was seen of men, and gave light to those around. He lived not to himself. Without being fully conscious of it, he so shone before men, through his numerous and useful works, that many were led to glorify his heavenly Father.

'And does not this sketch also show the great results which may follow, when a Christian is "the man of *one* important object," to which he gives his primary attention, and never allows other pursuits to interfere with it? A person may be on many committees, and yet be comparatively useless. He serves none efficiently. Mr. Stokes was the active friend of several important institutions, but his attention to them never superseded the claims of the Religious

Tract Society. On this subject, one of his daughters states, that the earliest recollections of his children are associated with its operations. They were frequently the subjects of his domestic conversation; its publications were on his table, and he was ever directing attention to them. When he visited his friends he seldom forgot his favourite cause. In his walks he frequently called on booksellers, and urged upon them the importance of keeping the Society's works; he was wont to send them to individuals, when he thought they would be seasonable visitors, and in this way the Society's interests were often promoted. Their advancement was the great object of his life. In reference to them he might have employed the apostle's words on another subject, "This one thing I do." There was no division of his strength, no diversion of his mind; and the results were mighty. Of his own two hundred tracts and books alone, nearly fourteen millions of copies were circulated, before he finished his earthly course.

'Let then these brief records of one of the Society's once active but now departed friends, lead its surviving supporters to cultivate grateful feelings to God for the blessing he so long bestowed on the Institution. And now he has removed his faithful servant from scenes of anxious toil to

realms of peace, and holiness, and rest, let them constantly remember the words of the Lord Jesus—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the *labourers* are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."'

Of works not connected with the Religious Tract Society, Mr. W. Jones published at different periods: 'A Brief Account of the Rev. Theophilus Jones, of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire;' 'Testamentary Counsels; or, Hints to Christians on the right distribution of their Property by Will;' and a 'Memoir of the Rev. Rowland Hill.'

The first of these works was a brief sketch of a minister, much esteemed as a powerful preacher, who was settled at Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, at a chapel built by the Rev. Rowland Hill, and who was called to his rest within a few days of his friend. This little work was only printed for private circulation.

The 'Testamentary Counsels' was written in consequence of the numerous applications he received from friends in various parts of the country for advice and assistance in respect to the disposition of their property by will. The book was published, not with the view of superseding the necessity of professional assistance, but simply of

suggesting the channels through which property should flow. On the former point, indeed, he says expressly,—'A will should be carefully prepared in the season of health, and after much serious reflection. The advice of an experienced and judicious friend will be useful. It is always prudent to employ a respectable and experienced solicitor, or other competent person, for it will be found that the first expense is the least; one pound paid for good advice may save many, by preventing future litigation.[1] It is seldom desirable for a man to place too much reliance on his own judgment in matters in which he is personally interested. Hence a medical man, when seriously indisposed, seldom prescribes for himself. A lawyer does not always make the best will as to his own property. In matters in which we have a deep personal interest, our feelings are not sufficiently calm to enable us at all times properly to discharge our testamentary duties; and hence the *great importance of securing suit able legal advice.*'

[1] On this same subject he says expressly in the introduction to his little work:—'The hints now offered are not intended *to supersede the necessity of seeking professional advice*, but rather *to show its importance*. These pages, therefore, will not contain any forms of wills, the writer being convinced that such forms cannot be prepared so as to be applicable to the ever-varying cir cumstances of property and families.'

The work commences with a chapter on the duty of making a will; and the various objections that are urged or felt by persons with reference to this duty are answered. Then follows a brief view of the law respecting wills. The relative claims of a widow, children, and poor friends and dependents are then faithfully set forth. Several sections are then devoted to the claims of 'faithful servants,' 'ministers of the gospel,' 'the cause of the Redeemer in the world.' Information is then given on the statute of mortmain and other matters incidentally connected with the subject of the book. The appendix contains a 'Table of the Devolution of an Intestate's Estate,' a 'List of Premiums of Life Insurances,' a 'Catalogue of the leading religious and benevolent Institutions existing in 1835,' 'Hints to Executors and Administrators,' and other matters of interest and importance.

Mr. W. Jones' remarks on some of the above topics are not only judicious, but throw much light on his own individual character; especially on that trait which was so marked in it—his ever burning zeal for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause in the world. We venture, therefore, to place a few short extracts before our readers.

The following remarks are found at the close of

a chapter devoted to 'the provision to be made for children.' They show the heart of a tender and loving father:

'There are a few *extreme* cases, in which a parent may justly disinherit a child, but they should indeed be *extreme* ones. The ancient Romans were wont to set aside wills as being deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited or totally passed by (without assigning a true and sufficient reason) any of the children of the testator: but if the child had any legacy, however small, it was a proof that the testator had not lost his memory or his reason, which otherwise the law presumed, but was then supposed to have acted thus for some substantial cause.[1] Hence probably has arisen that vulgar groundless error of the necessity of leaving the heir a shilling, or some other express legacy, in order to disinherit him effectually; whereas the law of England makes no such constrained suppositions of forgetfulness or insanity; and therefore, though the heir or next of kin be totally omitted, it is no reason for setting aside such a will.

'The entire omission of a child from all advantages under a parent's will, or of near connexions when there is no child of the testator's, can only

[1] Blackstone's Com., vol. ii., p. 502.

be justified by a few very special circumstances. A parent should imitate the spirit of our Heavenly Father when he says, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together."[1] If we expect mercy, we ought to show mercy. A child or a friend may have offended, but has he exceeded the daily seventy times seven, mentioned by the Redeemer? Have the transgressions of our connexions in life been so great that we can deliberately resolve by our final act to cut them off from all benefit in our property? If a child has wandered, may not a parent sometimes have to condemn himself for an improper example, or for lax discipline in his family, or for unchristian severity? Let not a testator forget that a wandering child is a child still. He should read the affecting account of the prodigal in the 15th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and pray for grace to act in the spirit of our Father who is in heaven.

'It may be inquired, what are the cases which will justify the rejection of a child, or render it prudent only to make a very small provision for

[1] Hosea xi. 8.

him? It is conceived that the debased and confirmed drunkard, the vile and abandoned profligate, the licentious and degraded libertine, should be made to feel that their perseverance in wickedness, after many admonitions, has met with its just reward in the will of the parent; but still a small provision for the absolute necessaries of life, though amounting only to a few shillings, to be paid weekly, without power of alienation or anticipation, should be made. This will prevent the misery of actual want, particularly in case the wanderer should return from his evil ways. By this course the child will be convinced that mercy was mingled with judgment by his departed relative.

'Before leaving these hints respecting the provision for children, the writer is anxious to add a few words on the duty of being reconciled to our connexions before "we appear at the judgment-seat of Christ." A parent who refuses to be reconciled to a child before he dies, is in an awful condition. How can he be in a suitable frame of mind for one who is soon to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ? "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Let every testator attend to the important direction, "Be ye merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful."'

On the claims of Christian ministers, he writes:

'In addressing these hints to Christian people, may not a layman put the respectful inquiry, "Should the poor but faithful pastor be forgotten by his affluent hearer?" *Can* he be unmindful of the instrument who led him to the Redeemer, or who has often built him up in his most holy faith? It is rather a singular fact, that legacies often roll into the laps of preachers to whom God has given a sufficiency of this world's goods, but the dependent minister, with a large family, is generally passed by. It is to be hoped that such things happen for want of due consideration. It is scarcely conceivable how such a minister would be assisted by an occasional legacy from his friends. Their privations are not always known to their people. They mourn in secret, lest they should dishonour the cause of Christ, by an unintentional violation of the precept, "Owe no man anything."'

After reciting two instances that had come to his own knowledge of great privations endured by faithful ministers, he adds:

'The reports of the society for the relief of poor pious clergymen contain similar statements of the deep sufferings of many ministers in the Established Church. The apostle Paul inquires, "Have we not power to eat and to drink? If

we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?"[1]

'A legacy would often enable a minister to finish the education of a child, or pay the fee on his apprenticeship. He might also be relieved from debts necessarily incurred, through affliction or other causes. An annuity for life secured by a testator's will, or purchased of government, would cheer his closing days, and often prevent the occupation of the pulpit when the pastor is superannuated. A small sum invested in the funds would produce sufficient interest to pay the annual premium for an insurance on a minister's life, which would preserve the widow and her children from becoming dependent paupers on the church, and release a father's mind from many anxious thoughts respecting their future condition. The energies of the preacher would then be concentrated on his great work. "Do any inquire of our brethren?" asks the apostle; "they are the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ, wherefore show ye to them and before the churches the *proof* of your love."'

We close these extracts from 'Testamentary Counsels' with Mr. W. Jones' remarks on the claims of the Redeemer's cause:

'There cannot be one doubt in the mind of a

[1] 1 Cor. ix. 4, &c.

Christian as to the duty and privilege of contributing towards the spread of scriptural truth in the world. It is true that God does not need his supplies. "The gold is his, and the silver is his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." He will do without the offering that is not freely given to his cause. "The *scant* measure, which is abominable," he will reject. It pleases God to accept our offerings, not as a meritorious sacrifice, but as an acknowledgment of our duty, and an evidence of our personal attachment to him. Let not a mistake be made in the motives which should influence us. It is a fatal error for a sinner to suppose, that at the last moment of life he can propitiate the Almighty by the largest sum he can give to his cause. St. Paul, in the 13th chap. 1 Cor. remarks, "though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, (*i. e.* love,) it profiteth me nothing." "It is by grace that we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." The portion of a testator's property that should be set apart for religious and benevolent purposes, must depend on a variety of circumstances. It often happens that the interest of a testator's estate may only be sufficient for the support of his widow; in such

a case he may direct the appropriation of a part of the principal of his property to religious objects on the widow's death. There are, however, cases in which a testator's course is very plain. When his children are provided for by settlement or otherwise, or when he has set apart a competent portion of his fortune for their benefit, then there cannot be a single reason why he should not let the cause of Christ share equally with them. Is it right in a rich man, who has no children, or immediate connexions in a dependent condition, to give the great bulk of his property to increase the pride and responsibility of those who are already rich? Should not such a man, after devising part of his wealth to relations, friends, or servants, to convince them of the sincerity of his love, give a large portion of it for the spread of Christianity, and to increase the comforts of the poor, who, while he lived, were refreshed by the streams of his hospitality?

'A good man, who was liberal in life, and who had not withheld more than was meet, when dying called his nephew to his bedside and said, "David, I have little to give you. I hope, however, that what I have left is my own. I have not taken improperly from any one. I have not kept back from others. I do not leave you much, but the little you will receive, will *work well.*"

The principle of the dying man was right; when a testator gives to relatives or friends that which he ought to have devoted to God, there is reason to fear that the Almighty will frown upon the gold, which should have been placed on his altar. He will not bless the sacrilegious gift. "It will not work well." God can give the command, and riches shall take to themselves wings, and flee away. There can be no doubt, that when the secrets of all hearts are revealed at the judgment day, the great cause of many failures and misfortunes will be ascertained. Large fortunes were given to friends to the utter exclusion of Christ's holy cause, and the money, therefore, "did not work well."'

The 'Memoir of the Rev. Rowland Hill' was first published in the year 1836. The reasons which induced Mr. W. Jones to send forth this volume are explained by himself in his introductory chapter. In common with many others, he felt that neither of the two biographers who had as yet written the particulars of Mr. Hill's life and labours had given a strictly accurate account of his character. Instead of viewing him as a man 'sui generis,' and in judging of whose course every allowance must be made for the peculiar times in which he lived, each had measured him by that particular standard which

to himself seemed right, and so, whilst one biographer found great fault with him for maintaining the slightest connexion with the Episcopal Church, in which he was ordained, the other failed not to express his regret at his wanderings from the straight line of ecclesiastical discipline, and his conviction that in the end he would have effected more good by adhering to the rules of the Established Church. For these reasons, neither gave a satisfactory account, in the judgment of many, of a course which was in several respects 'eccentric,' and that from the very force of external circumstances. It was felt that a memoir of Mr. Hill ought to appear, written by one who in the main sympathized with that good and remarkable man in feeling and opinion, and who could, therefore, more clearly explain his motives and unfold his special adaptation to the station he was called to occupy. Mr. W. Jones had hoped that the task would have been undertaken by Mr. Jay of Bath, or some equally competent person. After waiting for two years, and finding that there was no probability of such a memoir so written appearing, he yielded to the suggestions of friends, and proceeded to compile his volume.

The book is valuable, not only, it is believed, as a faithful sketch of Mr. Hill, but incidentally

also, as an accurate account of Mr. W. Jones' own views on many points of interest and importance. With his revered minister and friend he thoroughly sympathized. Circumstances which have been already detailed, brought him into close intercourse with that remarkable man. In him he had found the guide of his youth no less than the counsellor of his maturer years. He had been identified with Surrey Chapel from an early period of his life, and for all connected with it he retained to his dying hour a real and undiminished affection. This was the school in which his religious opinions were formed. The doctrines which were proclaimed by its founder, and embodied in the short 'Confession of Faith' put forth by him as containing a clear statement of the truths to be preached by him and his successors at Surrey Chapel, were those to which he ever gave his steady adherence. And in matters of church government and discipline, though he was not without definite views, as will presently appear from his own words, as to what might be deemed the most in accordance with the teaching of Holy Scripture, yet would he always sympathize with the broad ground taken by his beloved minister at Surrey Chapel, of admitting all orthodox preachers, whatever their specific denomination, to his pulpit. The words of Lord Bacon,

which he quotes at the opening of his 'Memoirs of Rowland Hill,' well express his own feelings. 'I, for my part, do confess, that in reading the Scriptures, I could never find any such thing (one form of discipline for all churches); but that God hath left the same liberty to the church government as he hath done to the civil government; to be varied according to time, and place, and accidents, which nevertheless his high and Divine providence doth order and dispose.'

One or two extracts will be given from the 'Memoir,' in order to show Mr. W. Jones' opinions on some very interesting points, and more particularly to prove how thoroughly and consistently he carried out his principle of making everything subordinate to the great object of his life, of uniting Christians 'in the most enlarged efforts for the conversion of souls at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances.' Like his much-loved pastor, he must be described as one of 'the intermediates' between Churchmen and Dissenters, ever anxious to 'lower the party wall of separation between them, that Christians might kindly shake hands over it.' And what he says of Mr. Hill may, for the most part, well be applied to himself:—'He must not be measured by any party standard. The dress of no

particular regiment in the great army of the living God will suit him. He was never intended to be confined within the pale of any church. His ambition was not to raise a party, and call it after his own name, but to serve all parties to the full extent of his power. He was one of the irregulars in the recruiting-party, sent to enlist wandering prodigals, and to bring them under the standard of Immanuel.'

Our first extract shall consist of some passages in which he vindicates, with affectionate earnestness, the course which Mr. Hill thought it right to pursue, in his endeavours 'to win souls to Christ.'

'Without attempting to justify,' he writes, 'all the proceedings of the holy men who were the instruments of reviving religion in this country in the reign of George the Second and his successors, yet the writer admits that he peruses their histories with great admiration and delight. He would apply to them the words of Milton, when referring to the Reformation:— "When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church, how the bright and blessed Reformation (by Divine power) struck through the black and settled night of ignorance,

methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads and hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven." With these feelings he is persuaded Mr. Hill fully sympathized, whilst he rejoiced in his personal knowledge of several of those great men who "went forth *without* the camp," bearing the reproach of Christ. * * * May it not be asked, was it not absolutely impracticable to rouse the slumbering members of the universal Church without some violation of strict discipline, especially at a time when the laws connected with ecclesiastical order were expounded by men strongly opposed to "the truth as it is in Jesus?" Under these circumstances the revivalists of religion had but one choice, either to break through the strict discipline of the Church, or to let sinners perish in their sins. Their conduct shows that they valued souls more than all earthly considerations, and we trust that such men will be found in every age of the Church; men who, like the martyrs, with the irresistible *might of weakness* shall shake all the powers of darkness. Wickliff in this country, and Luther in Germany, would have been comparatively useless characters, had their hands remained tied with the withes of human regulations. The

Lord, who by his providence speaks to special agents, said, "Loose them, and let them go."

'There can be no doubt that a wise and gracious Providence permitted Mr. Hill to pursue an "irregular" course. He was not to be confined within the limits of any particular Church, that he might, among other things, "bring back many of those who had wandered from the fold, only because its dimensions were not sufficient to contain the multitude." How would these wandering sheep be reclaimed, unless the shepherd *left* the fold in pursuit of them?'

Surely the most rigid and conscientious disciplinarian cannot look into eternity, and in his imagination realize 'the devouring fire and the everlasting burnings prepared for the finally impenitent, without being determined, in the face of every restrictive human regulation which may impede the work, to adopt the most zealous and enlarged efforts to pluck the brands from the burning. The canons of men must never be permitted to overthrow the canons of God.' It was in this spirit that Rowland Hill again and again rejoiced 'that he had broken them a thousand times.'

'With such views of the times of Rowland Hill,' he adds, 'and of his special adaptation to the station he was called to occupy, this memoir

has been compiled. The writer having watched his movements for nearly a quarter of a century, hopes he has gathered up some fragments which have been left by the biographers who have preceded him, that nothing may be lost which has a tendency to place the venerable saint before the Christian reader. Like his departed friend, *he has no exclusive attachments, though he has his predilections.* He hopes he can love the Saviour's likeness wherever it is to be found. Like him, also, *he cannot consider Christ's Church to be confined within the boundary line of any one denomination.* The spiritual people of the Lord are his Church in this world, and they will be for ever with him in the realms above. "There," in the beautiful language of Neff, "a thousand times better than in ancient Zion is God served, praised, and glorified; that celestial and spiritual temple is formed of the whole number of those holy beings who find in God their chief happiness. The glory of God fills and enlightens it, and is reflected from every one of the living stones of which it is composed. His love unites them all. The King of Glory dwells in the midst of them. He rejoices in their bliss, and listens with pleasure to the everlasting concert of their gratitude. Such is the temple in which God dwells: the only temple that is worthy of

Him. What, then, are we to say of the different churches in which the Gospel is preached upon the earth? How many discussions among the labourers! How many conjectures and disputes about the final purpose of the Great Architect, and several parts of his plan, which are known only to Himself! Shall we search in this chaos for the true Church,—the spiritual temple? Would we wish to construct it of all this mass of rudely-formed blocks, and rough-hewn stones; or only of those that shall appear to us to be already prepared by the Great Master? Shall we endeavour to arrange in an exact and uniform circle all those stones that we find in the various quarries opened in a thousand places in the world; or, finding that we cannot accomplish this, shall we try, at least, to collect them into different heaps, as men do those stones that are set aside to be measured before they are applied to the work. Oh! how much wiser is the Master! While some are disputing about the excellence of this or that department of the work, and while others are spending their strength in endeavouring to introduce perfect order, the wise Master-builder surveys in silence the vast scene of operations, chooses and marks the materials which he sees to be prepared amidst all this confusion, and causes them to be removed

and placed in the heavenly edifice; assigning to every piece the place most proper for it, and for which he has designed it. Such, my beloved brethren, is the sublime idea which we ought to have of this celestial tabernacle, this spiritual house of God, this universal Church, both militant and triumphant, the existence of which we confess in the Apostles' Creed. Oh! how contemptible now will appear, in our eyes, all the proud claims to universality of this or that particular Church, as also those endless disputes about succession, priestly dominion, and discipline, which have at times divided believers, and continue to do so to the present time. Let us rather labour in the quarry, where our work is assigned, to prepare as great a quantity of materials as possible, and especially let us entreat the Lord to make us all lively stones fit for his building." [1]

The words *in italics* in the above extract will explain the real feeling of Mr. W. Jones with regard to matters of ecclesiastical polity and discipline. He had 'preference without exclusiveness.' All his opinions on such points were merged into the one absorbing desire of his heart to unite *all* Christians in the great work of promoting the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ

[1] Pp. 25—27.

in the world. Hence he was habitually silent on those matters in which Christians differ. Throughout his journeys for the Tract Society he ever acted on this rule, with unvarying consistency. Within the circle of his own home, all religious discussions on such points were abstained from, and alike to his children and the world at large, he showed himself as one who with the truest sincerity could say with the apostle—'Grace be with *all* those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.'

Sympathizing as he did with the venerable pastor of Surrey Chapel, it will be readily understood that for the liturgy and formularies of the Established Church he had much affection. To some expressions, especially in the occasional services, he felt a conscientious objection. 'If,' he says, 'some passages in the baptismal and funeral services, which have often given anxiety to pious and laborious clergymen, could be more generalized, they might save the feelings of the living, whilst the state of the dead could not be affected.' . . . . . 'It is to be regretted that some few improvements had not been made in the liturgy, considering the *circumstances* connected with its compilation.'

It is believed, moreover, that what he says of Mr. Hill, may with truth be said of himself—'I

am, all things considered, for a reduced episcopacy, a reformed liturgy, and the election of the minister by the suffrages of the people.' More than once he mentioned incidentally to his son, his approval of the 'great and good Archbishop Usher's or Mr. Baxter's plan of a reduced or reformed episcopacy,' in support of which, in the memoir now before us, he quotes the authority of Dr. Pye Smith. But still he ever contended, that no system of Church discipline was so clearly revealed in the New Testament, as to justify any body of Christians in arrogating to themselves the exclusive title of 'the Church of Christ,' or in withholding the right hand of fellowship from any who, whatever their external discipline, 'hold the Head, even Christ.'

With these preliminary remarks we will set before our readers one or two extracts on matters of interest. The first shall be on the subject of 'Confirmation':—

'It is worthy of the consideration of all dissenting from the Church, whether they have sufficiently considered the privilege and importance of the act of baptism. A child is presented to the Church by this ordinance, and solemnly dedicated to the Lord; but the fact is too frequently forgotten. It is sometimes to be feared, that when persons leave the communion of the Established

Church, there is danger of their going to extreme points. Hence some things are rejected altogether, when a modification of them might be useful. These remarks apply to the Confirmation service of the Church of England.

'That it is frequently misunderstood, most will admit. That it is often abused, must also be acknowledged;—it is painful to witness the light and thoughtless conduct of many who go to be confirmed. An attention to dress engages more time than the state of the soul. It is deeply affecting to see such persons rushing to the Holy Communion, "eating and drinking condemnation to themselves, not discerning the Lord's body." That this ordinance has been spiritually blessed, must also be admitted. A lady in the west of England informed the writer, that one, if not both of her beloved daughters, had been mercifully led to the Saviour's feet by his blessing on the Confirmation service. But mark the circumstances of the case. The parents had trained up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The vicar of the parish, and his curate, were holy, devoted men; and, long before the time appointed for Confirmation arrived, these ministers frequently conversed and prayed with their youthful charge. The great truths of the gospel were unfolded, and the necessity of personal

piety enforced.[1] The young people, with minds thus prepared, presented themselves first to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls, and then to their earthly bishop. This was like the primitive saints, mentioned in 2 Cor. viii. 5, who "*first* gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto the apostles, by the will of God; insomuch that they desired Titus, that as he had begun, so he would also finish in them the same grace also."

'Cannot those Christian denominations of this country who conscientiously object to the Confirmation service, adopt some plan for the special benefit of their baptized charge? It might be practicable in the morning of one sabbath in the year to consider the duties of Christian parents in reference to their children who have been devoted to God in baptism. The afternoon of the same day might be set apart for the children themselves, to point out their responsibility in reference to the special privileges they have enjoyed; and the evening might be devoted to an affectionate address to the members of the Church,

[1] There is appended to these remarks an account of the practice of the pious Philip Henry (extracted from his life by Sir J. B. Williams) 'in reference to the improvement of Baptism, and the admission of his catechumens into the Church,' 'an example which (Mr. W. Jones adds) may suggest to ministers the great importance of spiritually improving this Divine ordinance.'—See pp. 526—530.

explaining the duties which devolve on them in connexion with the children who have been baptized. It is to be feared that the frequent neglect of our children gives our Baptist brethren strong grounds for considering that we feel the ordinance to be one of little importance. Let our children be brought into the temple every year, and the Lord will meet them there. The sympathies of the minister and the church will be drawn out for them, and prayer will ascend to the throne of God, that his promises to believing parents may be fulfilled in the saving conversion of their beloved offspring.'[1]

The following remarks on the sacred seasons observed by the Church of England, are found in this same volume from which we are quoting:—

'The seasons set apart by the Established Church, in commemoration of the leading events connected with the birth, death, resurrection, and ascension of the great Redeemer, were always seasons of spiritual enjoyment to Mr. Hill. He considered that the Reformers had shown great wisdom in retaining those days, but he had no superstitious veneration for them. He always considered them to be times of man's appointment, and the observance of them not *binding* upon the conscience. In his opinion, it was important that

[1] Pp. 524, 531.

the great events connected with the work of redemption should be specially brought before the Church on fixed occasions, and not left to the ordinary discussions of the pulpit. Can there be any special difficulty in the way of such a plan being universally adopted by the "churches?" There might be special services, without connecting particular days with these services. "Every day," Mr. Hill remarked, "ought to be a Christmas day with a Christian;" and no day can be improper for the special consideration of subjects so sacred and so essentially important.

'Perhaps some Christian brethren, in their zeal to depart from what they considered to be error, have gone to extremes, and have given up those practices of the Church which might be attended with considerable benefit to their hearers. It was a pleasing sight to see Mr. Hill enter the pulpit on a Christmas morning when his mind was in a happy peaceful state. The notes of the organ announced the Christmas hymn, and the congregation were heard repeating—

'Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

The prayer was generally the language of grati-

tude for God's "unspeakable gift," and his sermon an illustration of the truth, "God was manifest in the flesh."

'The wise arrangement of the Scriptures used in the Church of England on these special seasons, will be seen by only examining the selections read in the morning service on Christmas day. In these portions of Holy Scripture, the great truths connected with the humanity and Divinity of the Saviour's nature are clearly and fully set forth. The word of God cannot be read altogether in vain. It may, therefore, be desirable for brethren dissenting from the Established Church to consider whether the cause of truth might not be advanced by the introduction of a practice somewhat like that which Mr. Hill found beneficial in his own congregation.'[1]

We conclude these extracts with some striking passages in which he dwells on his favourite topic, the necessity of a union among Christians of all denominations in promoting the great work of spreading a knowledge of the Gospel in the world.

'Throughout the whole of his ministry Mr. Hill considered it right to sacrifice points of non-essential importance, when necessary to promote the Saviour's cause; and should some

[1] Pp. 574—578.

persons consider that he was wrong in adopting such a plan, still the whole tenor of his life will show that he was sincere in the course he pursued. As long as every denomination holds all its peculiar views upon minor points to be so absolutely important, that strict adherence to them must be a qualification for Christian fellowship, there is too much of the Church of Rome left, to authorise any expectation of a general union among "the members of the household of faith." . . . . The history of Mr. Hill was, as it has been shown, connected with the rise and progress of several noble institutions which were established on these catholic principles. These liberal institutions had worked great and important changes before his removal to an eternal rest. The darkness which covered the earth, began to withdraw before the rising of the Sun of righteousness. In India numerous churches had been planted, and the Scriptures printed in many languages and dialects. China had been furnished with unadulterated truth in her own tongue. Ethiopia was stretching out her hands unto God; and her enslaved sons in our western colonies were on the eve of emancipation. Several of the beautiful islands of the Pacific had been delivered from savage and inhuman rites, to serve the living and true God; and Europe,

though still in great darkness, had partly shaken off the chains of the Roman pontiff.

'Great as these changes have been, there remains much to be done before the Gospel will be spread throughout the world. There are many official as well as moral difficulties to be removed out of the way. No spiritual power must prevent the Gospel from being freely and fully preached in every heathen land. Souls must be loved better than the discipline and rules of any Church, and our highly-esteemed colonial prelates must allow their ministers and missionaries "a little elbow-room." Let men who "contend earnestly for the faith," who are "wise to win souls," and who "travail in birth again till Christ be formed in them," be encouraged to "go forward," and let them not be stopped at every advanced step by the spiritual police, to ascertain whether they are moving strictly within the limits which human regulations have prescribed.

'The conversion of the world will not be committed to any one section of the Christian Church. All the saints will share in this blessed work, and the truths in which they agree, and not their sectarian differences, will be the means of its accomplishment. Let us, then, rejoice, to whatever denomination we may belong, in the growing

prosperity of every missionary cause. Although "they follow not with us," yet we will bid them God speed. In such labours, "he that is not against us, is for us." Let us "love our common work better than our fellow and confederated labourers, and rejoice that devils are cast out, whosoever may be the instrument; the blessedness of the achievement may well dispose us to overlook some little irregularity in the means."

'The evangelization of the world, however, will not be realised by human efforts alone:—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It is the solemn duty of Christians to plead earnestly with God for the effusion of Divine influence, "and to give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." The members of Christ's holy Church must be seen more at the throne of grace, than heard amidst the contentions of party strife. Sectarian meetings must be exchanged for meetings of prayer. And why should not this be the case? Is it impossible in these times to imitate the example of the primitive saints, who, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, were all with *one accord* in *one place?* And would not similar and more glorious results follow? Prayer led to the revival of religion in the days of Romaine, and bound together the

little remnant of saints as the heart of one man. Let the same means now be tried, and in proportion as the Spirit of grace and supplications rests upon "the household of faith," will there be real unity in the "holy Catholic Church." The breath of prayer would "raise the curtains of our distinct habitations," and "the place of our tents be sufficiently enlarged" to contain "the one fold" of the Saviour's flock. The combined efforts of true Christians "would lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes" of the Church, —and the world be speedily brought into happy subjection to "the Prince of Peace."

"COME THEN, AND, ADDED TO THY MANY CROWNS,
RECEIVE YET ONE, THE CROWN OF ALL THE EARTH,
THOU WHO ALONE ART WORTHY." [1]

[1] Pp. 639—644.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FATHER AND FRIEND.

'How many are you, then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little maid's reply,
'O master, we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven;'—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven.'

HITHERTO we have dwelt more particularly on the *public* character of Mr. W. Jones. We must devote this chapter to a description of his *private* worth. It is at home that the failings as well as the excellences of a man are beheld in their true colours. There, at least, he is seen without disguise;—unencumbered with any of those conventional forms with which some seek, when abroad, to conceal their besetting sins, to which at home they give unlimited scope.

At the same time, no where does love burn with so bright and transparent a flame, as in the inner shrine of domestic happiness.

In some men there is a strange discrepancy between their public and private character. At home, they are all harshness and tyranny;—abroad, all gentleness, often obsequiousness. Something very wrong there must needs be, to say the least much insincerity, in him who thus manifests such contradiction in his demeanour. If there were any one who was entirely free from such a charge, it was the subject of this memoir. Never was he seen to more advantage than at his own fireside, surrounded by his wife and children. There it was perceived how true an affection he bore to all and each;—how fully he sympathised with each in any trouble or difficulty;—how 'gentle,' and 'pitiful,' and 'courteous,' Christ's Gospel makes those whose hearts are indeed under its sway. Even after death had thinned our little company, he never, when speaking of his family, dissociated those who had been taken to a better world from those who were left behind. 'I have,' he was wont to say, 'eight beloved children, *three* in heaven, and *five* on earth.' Were we wrong in prefixing to this chapter, the simple yet thrilling words of the poet which he would often quote with much feeling?—

But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven;'—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven.'

His marriage to Miss Cooper, as has already been intimated, took place at Lambeth church, in August, 1816. For well nigh forty years they lived together in unbroken harmony. Often separated from his family, through his official duties, for nine months in each year, the charge of his children devolved almost entirely on her, whose devotion as a mother equalled her tender affection as a wife. Great joy indeed was it to all of us, when circumstances permitted him to delegate to others, in some degree, the duties of travelling secretary to the Society, and to spend more time in the bosom of his family. The description that he gives of the union that existed between his revered pastor and Mrs. Hill, (quoting Mr. Hill's own words in reference to others) may properly be applied to his own domestic course,—'Those silken cords, both of nature and grace, were so twined around their hearts, and had made them so completely one, that if ever twain were seen to be one flesh, it might have been seen in them.'

In the course of years eight children, four sons, and four daughters, were born to them.

Three preceded their beloved father to a better world. Of his eldest daughter, who was called away no long time before himself, we shall speak in a subsequent chapter. Of the other two he shall tell in his own affectionate words:—

'It is seldom,' he says, 'permitted in this world that the joys of the married state should continue long without interruption. The cypress and the laurel are frequently entwined. The first death in our household was on the 23rd of May, 1832, when little Rowland was suddenly removed. He was not quite two years old. His decease was very unexpected. He seemed well and cheerful at five o'clock, and at half-past eight, on the same evening, he was seized with a fit, and immediately expired.

'There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fire-side, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.'

'It was a solemn season. Our child appeared to have taken possession of the lonely grave as the representative of his family. Happy spirit! how brief the conflict before thy entrance into eternal rest!

'Nearly eleven years afterwards our dear little girl Harriet was taken from us, after lengthened and acute suffering. She entered into rest on the

11th of May, 1843, at the age of seven. Her removal was merciful, for had she been spared she must always have been a sufferer. How the glories of the heavenly kingdom increase by the presence of those of our beloved ones, who are

'Not lost, but only gone before!'

As a family we have often been to the grave to "weep there." Thither we followed my own dear parents; they both died in the Lord. My brother Henry was the only legacy left me by my parents, and it cheered my heart to be able to help him. From circumstances his life was one of anxiety and suffering. He was removed, in the hope of the Gospel at the age of twenty-five years.'

Three sons and two daughters survive their beloved father. One of them has for many years been connected with the Institution which occupied so prominent a place in his parent's affections and prayers, and still holds a responsible position in the Society. The other two sons, the eldest and the youngest, are in holy orders, and are both beneficed clergymen in the Church of England; the former being Vicar of Bradford, Wilts, the latter, Perpetual Curate of the church of St. Matthew, Spring Gardens, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

Very early in life Mr. W. Jones was called to deny himself for the sake of those who were dear to him. His parents—his brother—his own children,—each and all could testify to the reality of that affection which was nothing loth to do all in its power, and, if need be, to suffer much, for those he loved. Indeed, the discharge of filial duty led him, but a few years after his marriage, to incur responsibilities, which, for a long time afterwards, were a source of much embarrassment to him. Without doubt there was some misrepresentation on the part of those with whom he had to deal in the transactions alluded to, and which, for many reasons, it is unnecessary to detail more specifically, and he thought it right, acting on the advice of others, to file a Bill in Chancery against them. He was, however, unsuccessful in his suit, the defendant contriving to evade in his answer the charges which were brought against him. The expenses of a lawsuit, added to money already paid, or for which he had given security, involved him in a loss of very considerable amount. For several years this unhappy business was a source of deep affliction to him. The daily increasing claims of his family, at this time requiring much expense for education, rendered the burden the more onerous. 'I gratefully recall,' he writes on this subject, 'that

with much self-denial I struggled through my heavy difficulties, and was enabled moreover to insure my life for the benefit of my family. How desirable,' he adds, 'is it for persons with official incomes that die with them, to make provision for their children by the admirable system of life-insurance.'

It was a natural transition from the dutiful self-denying son, to the loving and indulgent parent. No one could see him in the midst of his family without discerning the reality of the affection which he bore to each and all whose privilege it was to call him father. They alone can testify how fully, in a hundred little kindnesses shown to them, he ever realized the duties of that sacred relationship in which he stood to them. His patience in bearing with their waywardness in childhood—his undisguised joy in all that seemed to give them happiness,—his very rebukes, not less keenly felt because ever spoken in gentleness,—his readiness at all times to advise with them,—his forward sympathy in all their troubles,—these are points in his character which necessarily, now that they have been called to part with him, stand out in bold relief. There was indeed no ostentation about his affection. He never abounded in professions of love, but there was the sober reality. His children never feared to approach him, but always

felt sure, that, go to him when they might, there would ever be beaming on his countenance his 'own accustomed smile.' To others he would often open his heart about his children more than to themselves. A friend, who was present with him in the cathedral of St. Paul's, at the ordination of his eldest son in 1841, was much struck with the deep emotion that he then exhibited. During those few minutes which, shortly before the imposition of hands, are, in the Ordination service of the Church of England, devoted to silent prayer, he was powerfully affected, and sobbed aloud. He felt, as he afterwards expressed it, that though God had not granted him his own earnest desire, to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel, in the way in which he had hoped, yet not less gratefully did he see it, in some sense, fulfilled in the dedication of his first-born to the service of the Sanctuary. The course of this narrative will have shown how abundantly these holy wishes, so often expressed in the early letters and diaries of the father, were accomplished in the children.[1]

[1] In a letter written in 1827, when his youngest son was but an infant, he says of him, 'May he, like Samuel of old, be consecrated in early life to the service of the Redeemer. I hope I should feel it to be my greatest privilege to give up *all* my children to the service of the sanctuary, and that my very soul would rejoice to see them engaged in proclaiming the Gospel to the perishing heathen.'

It has been already stated, that he was for a long time separated from his family, often for nine months in each year, by his duties as the travelling secretary of the Tract Society. But though absent he never forgot those who were dear to him. His incessant occupations did not allow him much leisure for private letter-writing, but he ever kept up a constant correspondence with home. Though the letters themselves were commonly brief, and written amid the hurry and excitement of travelling, or public-meetings, yet in each of them there was at least some one holy thought, which showed how earthly affection derived its chastened glow from the heart being 'set on things above.' For many years he was wont to write to his children on their respective birth-days; and his letters, many of which are still preserved, are beautiful instances of a father's earnest desire for the best interests of all 'whom God had given to him.' A few extracts from the letters will probably not be uninteresting to our readers.

The following passages are from a letter addressed to his eldest son in the year 1836, a few months previously to his entrance on a university course at Oxford.

'I cannot allow this day[1] to pass without send-

[1] Aug. 31, 1836, the birth-day of his son.

ing you a few lines. But what can a father say more than he has often said before, that he wishes you all the peace, all the comforts, and the joy, which arise from the hope that you have been born again. I think the birth-day is the season when the great truth of the necessity of a new birth unto righteousness should be solemnly pondered over. I trust it has been. I trust it will be, and that no doubt will remain upon the mind as to the reality of this most essential work. May all your future days be days of consecration to God, and then I know you will be the subject of peaceful happiness here, and comforted with a hope full of immortality.

'On Monday I was at Oxford. As I approached the city, its spires, domes, and towers, impressed my mind in a manner very different to what I had ever felt before. I knew that in a few weeks I should have within the classic city a son,—my first-born—a child of many anxieties and prayers, and that his next entrance into that city would be either for his rise or fall. His *rise*, if kept by the power of God amidst the peculiar temptations of the place,—his *rise*, if he should continue an industrious student, determined to improve every day by suitable reading, and resolved, in humble dependence upon God, to lead a holy and devoted course. I would not anticipate a *fall*. The God

who *has* kept you *will* keep you. He will keep you at all times, and therefore I will trust in Him, and not be afraid. But a fall would cause all the glory of the city to disappear from a father's mind, and "vanity and vexation of spirit" would appear to be inscribed on all its ancient beauties.

'I give you up to God. May you pass most honourably through the university, and become, in due time, "an able minister of the New Testament," calling many to repentance.'

The following extracts are from letters addressed to his son shortly before his final examination at Oxford, and his entrance on the work of the Christian ministry.

'I am sorry that you should be in so anxious a state of mind in view of your approaching examination, but feel full confidence that the time of need will be the season when all strength will be granted unto you. I hope you will find peace of mind in prayer. When I read your note two passages of Scripture came to my mind. The one was, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The other was, "Thou leadest them beside the still waters," or, as the marginal note reads, "the waters of quietness." I cannot wish you a greater blessing than to experience the full import of these two portions of the Divine Word. I think it was the

devoted Henry Martyn, who had many fears about his examination. He however prepared diligently, and then "casting all his care upon God," he went into the examination hall, and came out senior wrangler. Oh! look up to God now. Ask for his "perfect peace," and then "the waters of quietness" will flow even through your hall of examination. Go in with holy fear. Go in with modesty. Begin in a lowly spirit. Keep your mind from agitation. Do the best you can. Desire in all things the glory of God. If you succeed, let it be to God's glory; and if you fail, even then believe that you will better glorify God by a failure than by success. Be strengthened by the thought that friends are daily praying for you.

* * * * *

'This letter will reach you on the anniversary of your birth-day. No one will more sincerely and affectionately congratulate you on the happy day than I do by my present communication. May it please God to spare you for many years to come, if it be his will and for your good. Look back on the past with gratitude, and rejoice, in your retirement, that goodness and mercy have followed you all the days of your life. You have passed through many eventful, many anxious scenes. Some of them, in retrospection, will pro-

duce feelings of deep contrition, but others will raise your song to Him who has hitherto been with you, and has brought you through many dangers, to the present moment. Now thank God for the past, take courage for the future, and go on your way rejoicing.

'Let me sincerely hope that your birth-day will not only be a day of domestic joy and comfort, but also of personal consecration to the Great Redeemer. Should you be spared, great and solemn events will take place before another birth-day shall return to you. Let this thought lead you, at this crisis in your history, to seek specially the wisdom that cometh down from above, and which is profitable to direct. Oh! let us both pray that *now* you may wisely redeem the time,—that *now* you may diligently and conscientiously improve the precious moments which will pass between this and your examination in October, and let us pray that you may be prepared for the ordeal, and that whatever may be its result, your good may be promoted, and the Divine glory secured. Be not over-anxious upon the point. Do all you can by way of preparation, and then look to the God of providence and grace to bless your efforts, and to grant unto you the desire of your heart.

'I look forward with holy joy to the day when you shall become an ambassador of Christ. It

would have been a sorrowful day for me to have heard that you had entered upon such an office, unless I had reason to believe that you were duly impressed with a sense of its deep responsibility. No subject is more awful to me than the condition of an ungodly priest. He directs others to the waters of life, but takes not of them himself. He points others in the right way, but like the sign-post, he walks not in that way himself. He sounds the alarm, and others flee from the wrath to come, but he is overtaken by the storm of unsatisfied justice. May you be a faithful minister of Christ,—taking the Bible as your sufficient guide, and regarding the commandments of God only as binding on your conscience. May your birth-days in future be days of growing usefulness in the Saviour's cause, and may you this day adopt as your motto:—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."'

To show how thoroughly he adapted himself to the circumstances of *all* his children, we append a letter addressed in the year 1845 to a younger daughter, then but ten years' old.

'You will herewith receive, my beloved child, a Bible, which you will accept as an expression of your dear papa's kindest love for you. The Bible, you know, is the best book, because it is the book of God. It was written by holy men, as they

were taught by the Divine Spirit. This blessed book will teach you the happiness of walking in the ways of God, particularly in early life. I hope you will often read the histories of the young, especially Josiah, Obadiah, Samuel, the Syrian general's little maid, and Timothy. Imitate their examples, but, more than all, follow the lovely spotless example of the Lord Jesus Christ, who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners."

'Read daily a portion of the Bible alone by yourself. Endeavour to commit one verse a day to memory—pray that a new heart may be given you, and a right spirit be put within you,—that grace may be your early portion,—that you may love the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart,—that here you may live to his glory, and in heaven enjoy his presence for ever. I give you a sweet text, which I hope you will often think on. "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth."'

It was not only to his wife and children, but to all others who were in any way connected with him by ties of kindred, that he was wont to write in such terms as showed his willingness to identify himself at all times with their interests, and to advance, in every way in his power, their temporal and spiritual welfare. The following extracts are from letters addressed to his sister-in-

law and her husband, the Rev. Samuel Flood, shortly after their arrival at Sierra Leone, where he held the post of government chaplain. They were written in 1823, and show how fully Mr. Jones' mind was impregnated with missionary zeal, and how thoroughly he seemed to enter into the difficulties and responsibilities of a missionary life. They are in this respect a fitting comment on the course which a few years before he had pursued; a striking evidence of his sincerity of purpose when he offered himself as a candidate for the high and holy office of proclaiming to the heathen 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

The first extract is from a letter addressed to the Rev. Samuel Flood. After speaking thankfully of God's kind providence in permitting him to reach in safety, after a perilous voyage, the scene of his labours, he adds,—'You, my dear brother, now stand in a responsible, solemn situation; sometimes overwhelming, at other times cheering. The records of eternity will perpetuate your labours, whether successful or otherwise. You have a barren desert to cultivate, but remember it must "rejoice and blossom as the rose." It is now a dry and thirsty land where no water is, but the waters of life will cheer, refresh, and enlighten Free Town. It may now appear an unfavourable soil, but it is to become

"the garden of the Lord." Now the eternal Jehovah is saying to you, "Son of man, can these bones live?" and by your labours and the labours of successors crowned by the blessing of his Holy Spirit "an exceeding great army shall arise" to worship the Lamb. What a glorious sight does the eye of faith behold, when the clouds of unbelief are not permitted to obscure the lovely sky of revelation! You see the glorious prophecies of the mighty men who have long slept with their fathers gradually opening—partly fulfilling. The Lamb has long commenced his mighty march, and He will go on from conquering and to conquer, until all the world shall bow to his sceptre and acknowledge Him to be all in all. Those events, great as they are, are all of them to be accomplished instrumentally, and it has pleased the Father, in whom dwelleth all fulness, to put the gospel treasure in earthen vessels, that the "excellency of the power may be of God, and not of man." I often think that St. Paul exhibits one of the most perfect portraits of the Christian minister, and the indefatigable missionary. He willingly surrendered up all things, and in his fine, full, energetic language he says, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things."

He records in the 11th chapter of his 2nd epistle to the Corinthians what makes us blush in this country when we talk of our trials, and what must encourage you to persevere. St. Paul preached; he succeeded; he triumphed: he was more than a conqueror; and he now sits before the throne, watching the entrance of immortal spirits into glory, who, through many ages, have been brought to the knowledge of the Redeemer through his instrumentality. Men converted through his ministry, from time to time handed down the truth, and we shall not know, till the end of all things, the extent of his success. What an encouraging thought therefore for you, my dear brother, that if you are only the instrument of enlightening *one* soul by your present labours, you gain what a world could never purchase, and what eternity will celebrate! What a noble host have appeared on the theatre of the world since apostolic days,—Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Vanderkemp, David Brown, Johns, Brainerd, Buchanan, Henry,—all engaged in the same benevolent work! Oh, the privilege, the distinguished privilege to be engaged in such a labour of love!'

A few weeks after writing the above letter he addressed the following to Mrs. Flood. It contains a beautiful sketch alike of the real work of

God in the heart, and of the duties of the wife of a missionary.

'It afforded us all much pleasure,' he writes, 'to hear that you had safely arrived at Sierra Leone, and that you were both so well. Your beloved parents had much anxiety about you. They feel for you as their well-loved child, and have anxieties known only to those who stand in such relations. The associations in their minds are often peculiarly painful; the dreary night, the stormy blast, remind them of those who are in a distant land. I hope we shall all be able to depend more entirely on the providence and goodness of our God. His promises are numerous; they are great; they are all-sufficient; but our faith is weak. We alter the form of the apostle's exhortation, and walk by *sight*, and not by *faith*.

'I have often thought what a mercy it is that events are kept from our knowledge until they are brought to pass. The Lord in his goodness will not disclose to us our future trials. He assures us that "all his ways are mercy and truth," that He will "never leave us, nor forsake us," but He will not suffer us to look into the volume of futurity. How delightful then is the assurance, that though our way may be through a thorny wilderness, though it will be through much tribulation that we are to enter the king-

dom of God, yet that all these things, by the gracious superintendence and providence of God, will work together for good to them who love God. I often regret how little I feel of the real power of religion. I preach about it; I read about it; but I do not seem able to enter fully into the glorious subject. I seem to be a dull learner in the Saviour's school. I almost fancy at times that I shall come under the description of those persons, who are ever learning, but never coming to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, I am encouraged by the assurance that we shall know if we follow on to know the Lord. Religion is more than notion, more than profession, more than talk; it is, as the old writers call it, the life of God in the soul of man; it is God dwelling in us; it is a virtual, a real union by faith to Christ; it is a receiving of all our influence and nourishment from Him; it is a life of hourly dependence on Him; it is a growing conformity to Him; it is a deadness to the world; it is a daily breathing in a spiritual atmosphere; it is a daily dying to the things of this world; it is a constant, longing, anxious expectation to receive an abundant entrance into the kingdom; it is the evidence within us that when absent from the body we shall be present with the Lord; it is a panting after holiness; it is a life hid with

Christ in God. If this be religion where is it to be found? May these thoughts produce a spirit of self-examination and of deep humiliation in the sight of God. We all live far below the glory of our privileges. How often do the concerns and disappointments of worldly business draw the affections from God!

'We often think of the great work to which your beloved husband and yourself are devoted. May God abundantly bless your labours in his cause. Discouragements no doubt you will meet with, but you must comfort your husband; you *must*, you *must*, encourage him; strengthen his hands, remove every thorn you can. He may have many persecutions; a doubt as to the success of his work; difficulty in preparing for his public duties; an unbelieving sense of his own insufficiency. Tell him that God is able to make all grace to abound (this is a noble word) towards him. Tell him to remember how the walls of Jericho fell; remind him how Gideon's army conquered; point him to the valley of dry bones; apply all these truths by the declaration "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." The greatest preacher can do nothing *without* Christ; the weakest can do all things *with* Him. You have discovered, I

doubt not, the happiness of walking with one who is bound to the same country with you. It is a blessed privilege to be able to take sweet counsel together; to be of *one* heart and *one* spirit; to have that identity of interest as to feel that "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

'And now a few words to my dear sister herself. Take care of yourself. Remember we all have an interest in you. Though you are separated from us, yet there are many here who do not forget you. I dislike that worldly proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." Though absent in the body we are present with the Lord. Though you are far removed from us, yet you are none the further from heaven in Free Town, and often, I doubt not, our prayers meet at the mercy-seat.

'I repeat then, take care of yourself. You are your husband's property; his helpmate. Take all your anxieties to the throne of grace and leave them there, "casting *all* your care on Him who careth for you." Be careful (i. e., be anxious) of nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. "Behold the fowls *of the air* (not of the barn-yard, where there is

plenty of food) for they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" You are, I believe, my dear sister, interested in the blessings of redemption, and if the eternal God has given Himself for your salvation, what else can he withhold?'

It was not unnatural that one who, at a comparatively early age, could thus, as it were, make himself one in interest and feeling with those he loved, should be sought as a guide and adviser by those who were privileged with his friendship. His private papers and memoranda show, that there was scarcely a period of his life, from the time that first he made a public profession of faith in Christ Jesus, when he was not seeking the spiritual good of some with whom he was brought into contact. Extending over well nigh half a century, they bear a wondrous testimony to the unvarying consistency of a life which, like Enoch's, was a 'walking with God.' In Surrey Chapel Sunday-school he found his first Christian associates, his first 'fellow-travellers on the road that leadeth to Zion.' With several of them he seems for some years to have kept up a constant correspondence. The plan adopted was this,—he wrote to a friend on some important subject, and at the close of his letter submitted a

subject for the next letter. In his friend's reply to his question another subject was suggested, to which, in due time, Mr. W. Jones sent an answer. He confesses to have derived much benefit from such a plan. 'The mind,' he writes, 'by such a scheme is fixed on a given subject—an interest is kept up, and a repetition of the same sentiments is avoided. We all want a succession of thoughts on those glorious subjects, which it is our privilege as Christians daily to contemplate. The more our minds are occupied on Divine things, the less room will there be for the operations of the enemy.' The subject suggested at the close of the letter from which the above extract is taken, as the topic for his friend's next communication, will show full well the bent of his own mind and his desire 'to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called'—'What is the general experience of the young believer in Jesus Christ, and what are the temptations to which he is peculiarly exposed?'

To one of the friends above alluded to, for whom, till the close of life, he retained much Christian affection, a feeling truly reciprocated, he writes in the following terms on a subject of the deepest importance, viz. what constitutes real fitness for an approach to the Lord's table. Few, it is believed, could write on such a

subject with greater earnestness or discretion. He says,—

'I have some time felt a very sincere desire that you should unite with your brethren in remembering the Saviour's dying love. I commend the cautious way in which you have acted: many rush to the Lord's table the moment the passions are impressed, without waiting to ascertain whether the work of grace has really commenced in the heart. I do not wish to suggest to your mind a thousand evidences as to your fitness for communion, because I am persuaded that will be unnecessary. We shall never be worthy of the least of all the mercies we enjoy, much less worthy of a participation in the privileges of the Lord's table. You will remember those expressive lines:—

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him."

'My opinion is, that when a person has had a sufficient opportunity of ascertaining the real state of his mind, and possesses an humble hope that, though he was once darkness, now he is light in the Lord; that though he was blind to all the beauties of the Saviour, yet, through grace, he discovers Him to be the altogether lovely, that He

is precious to him as a Saviour—a Brother—a Priest—an Advocate; that he is happy only as he reads his word,—approaches his throne,—holds converse with his people;—I say when such is the case, that he should publicly make a profession of the faith, that the world may see his determination—that the Church may rejoice, and that ministers may be encouraged. * * *

'Now if this be your experience—if you love the ways of God, the people of God, and the ministers of God; if you look forward to heaven, not more as a place of rest, than of holiness; if the love of Christ be an absorbing subject in your estimation, then doubt not your acceptance at the Lord's table. *There* He waits to be gracious. *There* He will manifest himself to you, as He never does unto the world. *There*, by faith, you will be able to see the Saviour sacrificed for your sins. "He was wounded for *my* transgressions, bruised for *my* iniquities, the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with his stripes *I* am healed," will be your language while you are beneath the cross. * * *

'I love the *timid* far more than the *forward* disciple. Fear preserves the young believer, when boldness and presumption would destroy him. I trust the solemn thoughts which now occupy your mind,—your anxious fears,—your

inquiries after the will of the Lord,—will remain with you, and that you will find union to the Lord's people the greatest privilege you can enjoy next to union with himself. When you come into the Church, you commence a relationship which time can never destroy, and which eternity will but perpetuate:—

> "The Church below and all above
> But one communion make."'

A few weeks afterwards he thus reverts to the same subject:—

'It is your duty to be well satisfied that you do not approach the Lord's table until you feel a holy determination to live to his glory. The possession of pure religion can and will be discovered by the effects produced; and the work of the Holy Spirit on the soul, though secret in its operations, is outward in its fruits. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, &c., *so* is every one that is born of the Spirit."

'Let me, however, caution you against placing all your comfort in the discovery of outward evidences of the reality of your Christian profession. You will have seasons in your experience, when unbelief will remove these from before you, and the inward conflict will suggest that you have no interest in the adorable Redeemer. You must therefore derive your consolation from

Scriptural principles, rather than from outward evidences. Having reason to believe that you have "passed from death unto life," let your mind dwell on the delightful truth, that He who hath begun a good work in you, "will carry it on;" never forgetting, however, that grace *reigns* through righteousness unto eternal life.'

Did the limits of this memoir permit, it would be easy to multiply extracts from his own or others' letters, which would show how willing he was at all times to fulfil the office of 'a friend.' Since his decease his family have often been gladdened in their bereavement by the willing testimonies of those who knew him in various parts of England, and even on the continent, to the worth and sincerity of his character. There was in him a singular commingling of that warmth and affection which calls forth confidence, and that calm and dispassionate judgment which demands respect. Hence, in all matters of difficulty his advice was constantly sought by those who were privileged with his friendship. With the greatest patience he would listen to their several tales of trouble, and spare no pains to give them his best assistance and counsel. Indeed, so frequent were the applications made to him, that, at one time of the year, just before the annual meeting, he found it necessary to absent himself

for some weeks from Paternoster Row, that, in his own closet, he might, free from all interruption, prepare the Report of the Tract Society. On one occasion, after a visit from some 'country friend' at Paternoster Row, which had engaged more time than he was able to spare from his duties, he said to his son, 'I really think I must follow the plan adopted, I believe, by the late Lord Hill, and have only one chair in my office, which of course I must offer to my visitors. When they see me standing, they will perhaps kindly abridge their visits.' 'However,' he added, 'poor Mr. —— is in deep trouble, and it seemed to do him good to talk to me.'

We have already spoken of the kind way in which he was received by various friends throughout the country, when he travelled for the Religious Tract Society. Amongst his friends at home there was the same pleasure felt in his society. There was a something in his conversation which, let him speak on what subject he might, showed how entirely his whole heart was leavened with holy principle. There was much natural wit as well as wisdom in his character, and the humour, always refined and chastened, in which at all times he could hardly help indulging, added no little to the fascination of his society. There was ever to be seen playing on his coun-

tenance the 'same unvarying smile of benevolence,' and whether at meetings of his brother trustees or elders[1] at Surrey Chapel,—or at the periodical gatherings of the members of the Book Club, when he was voted by acclamation 'auctioneer' for the annual sale of the books,—or in the more strictly private social circle,—there was about him a cheerful earnestness which showed that even in the midst of worldly enjoyments, his 'affections were set on things above.' Many who will perhaps read these pages, can bear their testimony to the truth of the above description, and will feel that in him they have lost one, whose place as a friend, a companion, a counsellor, cannot easily be filled up. Indeed many have already borne an unsolicited testimony to the fact, that he was, in the best sense of the word, a 'faithful friend'—'firm'—'constant'—'judicious'—'unflinching'—'self-denying.'[2]

We close this chapter with a few extracts (our limits will admit no more) from his correspondence, in which his character as a friend and counsellor, appear delineated in vivid colour.

[1] He was appointed an elder of Surrey Chapel in 1841. He became a trustee in 1845.

[2] These expressions occur in various notes addressed to members of his family since his decease by those who had been long on terms of intimacy with him.

The letters from which they are taken were written at various times, and extend over a period of more than thirty years. They will also show his opinions on many interesting, and some important subjects.

Intercessory Prayer.

Much should I like to have certain seasons for mutual prayer. Let us fix some particular evening in each month, when we may make it our especial duty to plead for each other at the throne of grace. You remember Mr. Saunders or Mr. Scott, and Mr. Newton used 'to pull at the same string' as they called it. Let us do the same; for how pleasing a reflection it must be that our prayers wing their way to heaven at the same moment, ascending like clouds of incense, and mingling their sweetness as they are wafted to the throne of the Eternal.—Such prayers must prevail when offered through the Great Intercessor.

Memory.

By the way, what an unspeakable blessing is memory; —it enables us to remember the past with gratitude, and so to anticipate the future with confidence. During the time of our sojourn in the wilderness it is sometimes a pleasant, sometimes a painful companion; but still, on the whole, the treasures it preserves are the solace of our afflictions and our companions in the hours of solitude. I sometimes venture to think that it will be one of the sources of our happiness in the world of spirits, where eternal recollections of a Saviour's love will call for eternal songs of praise to Him 'who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.'

Home.

Few enjoy society better than I do, but yet I feel that too much intercourse with mixed companions tends to vitiate the mind, and indisposes it for better pursuits. We need much retirement to keep us in close communion with God. Home, after all, is the scene where all ought especially to shine.—Home is the place which should ever be dear to a woman, whether married or single. When we are always panting for the excitement of society, it is an evidence that all is not right within. A Christian must not always live in a *crowd*. 'When thou wast under the fig-tree,' far from human observation, 'I saw thee,' was the language of Divine approbation addressed to Nathanael. How beautifully does the poet sing of retirement!

'There if thy Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what joy, and peace, and love,
She communes with her God.
There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor seeks for human praise.'

Faithful Preaching.[1]

From Mr. D— we have had much information as to the state of religion in your town. It is to be feared that many of the emancipated negroes will rise up in judgment against their European brethren; and it will indeed be solemn work when they enter into the kingdom, but the others are eternally excluded. You have a solemn and important duty to discharge, and I trust the

[1] From a letter addressed to the Rev. S. Flood, at Sierra Leone.

God of all grace will enable you to make full proof of your ministry. Whether they hear or not, you must preach the Word. You are accountable to God for the manner in which you dispense the Word, but not for the manner in which it is received. The longer I live, the more I am persuaded that nothing but the warm, simple, faithful, and affectionate exhibition of Gospel truth, will ever be instrumental in saving souls. A good Scotsman once went to hear his son preach, and after the sermon was over, the young man asked his father what he thought of the discourse. 'I liked many parts of it very well,' said he, 'but what did you do with Christ Jesus?' 'Oh, father,' replied the son, 'he did not come in my way this morning.' 'Not in your way, boy! then I would have jumped over the hedge after him.' Now, I agree with this good parent; Christ must be the all and in all in our subjects. He must be the Sun in our spiritual system. He must be the Rose of Sharon in our garden. He must be the Apple-tree in the midst of the trees. He is our justifying righteousness. For my part, I know not how to preach without reference to Him in every discourse; and if the mind is under a proper influence, we cannot withhold the truth.

Christian Discretion.

I trust that you may so 'hold forth the Word of Life,' that those around may be attracted by its beauty, and constrained by its influence,—but allow me to give you a little advice. I feel for your situation amongst the self-righteous and the Pharisees, but you must manifest the greatest affection and forbearance. Don't be disappointed if all your efforts prove unsuccessful, and if they should treat your attempts with scorn. Never *court* dis-

cussion, but always be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear. Be particularly careful *how* you introduce religious conversation, lest you should defeat rather than promote the object you have in view—lest you should be casting your pearls before swine, and the savour of the Word be lost by too frequent repetition. Don't be discouraged if you should find yourself overcome by the arguments of your opponents; and when you find yourself at a loss, let silent ejaculations ascend up to heaven for assistance. Watch every opportunity of dropping a good word in season, for Solomon says, 'A word fitly spoken, how good is it!' And finally, pray continually that your humble efforts may be crowned with great success. The Lord does not always work by great means, and let this be your encouragement, 'that it is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord,' that the work of grace takes place in the sinner's heart.

Comfort under Bereavement.

Most truly do I sympathise with you, my dear ——, on the loss of your little child. Twice has God called me to pass through a similar trial. I have two dear children in heaven. Though I know the happiness of heaven will consist in being for ever with God, and being like God, yet I sometimes almost wish to think that it will be increased by the welcome of those whom we loved on earth, and that it will be no 'land of strangers' to us. I recollect, in my own trouble, being much comforted by a thought suggested to me by a good man, that whilst I was on earth praying for the life of my child, there was a Great Intercessor above offering *another* prayer: 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me

where I am, that they may behold my glory.' His prayer we know, must be wise and good. May his Divine consolations ever abound towards you.

The Promises of God.[1]

We live in the possession of many comforts and privileges, of which you in Sierra Leone are deprived, yet I firmly believe that God can make your souls as fruitful in a desert, as in the garden of the Lord. He is not confined to places or to means. He will give his Holy Spirit unto them that ask Him. If you have His invaluable blessing you will indeed be gloriously rich. I hope you will daily feel your own weakness, so that you may lay hold of God. Dr. Waugh said, in his emphatic way, 'We lay hold of every arm but God's. We trust to ourselves; we trust in the piety of others; but not on God. We should gripe his arm by prayer, and convince Him that we are in earnest in seeking his help.' We forget that *all* the promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus; that they are as secure as though we had them in possession. Oh! for more faith—to live by faith—to walk by faith—to pray in faith. Then our doubts would fly away, and we could as safely trust our God in the storm as in the calm, and we could go on our way rejoicing, knowing full well that He will guide us by his counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory.

Success the gift of God alone.

You must not be discouraged, my dear M——, at the little success you meet with. Remember the poor missionaries in the South Sea Islands, labouring against hope for twenty years, before the Lord was pleased to pour out

[1] Extracted from a letter addressed to Mrs. Flood.

his Holy Spirit, and convert the heathen. A Christian minister must pray for the grace of perseverance in duty and prayer, and then all will go on well. Elijah is a memorable instance of this. He prayed for rain, and sent his servant to the top of the hill to look out for the clouds, but none appeared. He prayed a second time; no answer was sent. He prayed a third time,—his servant was again despatched, but no hope appeared. He prayed a fourth—a fifth—a sixth time, but all seemed fruitless. He hoped against hope; he persevered, and prayed the seventh time, and then there was seen only a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand. What could be expected from that? It was, however, an answer to prayer, travelling slowly but surely, and at length the saturated earth and the refreshed vegetation proclaimed that 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' Recollect, therefore, that you have nothing to do with the success of your labours. You are to sow,—to sow in tears; you are to pray for the Spirit's blessing, and then to put your faith in the word and oath of Jehovah, 'My Word shall not return unto me void.' The resurrection-morn will show the success of all our labours. Oh! could we feel more the value of a soul—could we trace it through time into the realms of immortality—know its eternal blessedness in heaven—its dreadful misery in hell; we should indeed, with the angels, rejoice over *one* sinner that repenteth, and count our labours richly recompensed if we could only indulge the hope that we should have *one* crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

'Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round the autumnal sun,
But there sight fails: no hearts may know
The bliss when life is done.'

It was in the year 1851, that the first symptoms appeared of that disorder which eventually terminated the earthly course of the subject of this memoir. Anxieties and occupations, such as we have attempted to describe, continued for thirty years, could hardly fail to tell even upon a constitution naturally strong. The perpetual excitement to which he was necessarily subjected had, at length, a serious effect on the heart, and he suffered much from palpitation and difficulty of breathing. The labours incident to the Jubilee Volume, tended, without doubt, to aggravate his symptoms. Temporary retirement, however, from business, and the blessing of God on the means employed for his restoration to health, appeared for a time to check the onward progress of disease, and to relieve him from anything like immediate danger.

A heavy blow fell upon him at the commencement of the year 1852. At the close of the preceding year, his eldest daughter, Mrs. James Boardman, deservedly dear to him, became a mother. Protracted was her suffering, and more than ordinary her peril ere she was permitted to hear that first cry of a new-born infant, which so wondrously compensates in an instant for all a mother's sufferings. Unable to remain at a distance, Mr. W. Jones hastened to Norwich on the first intelligence of the danger of his child. He was shaken with deep anxiety, and, though God was pleased to spare both mother and child, suffered much from the painful excitement. But his joy was soon to be overcast. A few months passed, and by a sudden attack, his beloved daughter was laid low in unconsciousness. He obeyed instantly a telegraphic summons, and, together with Mrs. Jones, started again for Norwich. They found their daughter, living indeed, but quite unable even to recognise her parents. She never rallied from the first attack, and in a few hours after their arrival her gentle spirit breathed itself into the arms of that Saviour whom she loved so well, and served so consistently on earth.

'Swift was her flight, and short the road,
She closed her eyes, and woke with God.'

He was now in the depth of tribulation. In-

tense was the agony of his soul. Well does the writer of these pages recollect—who that witnessed it can forget it—the nervous agitation with which his iron frame was shaken, as he came to meet his three sons at the railway-station at Norwich, whither they went to pay the last sad respects to the memory of their sister, and to bear her to the 'house appointed for all living.' His feelings seemed too deep for utterance. His lips quivered with emotion as he took his children's hands. Almost his first words were these, 'Were it not for the hopes of the Gospel, where should we be now?'

And this 'hope of the Gospel' alone sustained him. He thought of that brighter world in which his well-loved child's 'conversation' had been for many years, and in which she was now, as a glorified saint, praising the 'Lamb that was slain.' Ere long he trusted to join her, and again to blend their songs of praise. As we laid her to her last rest in 'the Rosary,' at Norwich, our thoughts were tenderly and beautifully directed by one of his oldest friends, and the pastor of his child, to that 'sepulchre in the garden,' the 'place where Jesus lay,' and then to that 'garden without a sepulchre,' the future inheritance of the saints of God,

> 'Where everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers.'

His feelings on this occasion were well described in a short note to one of his most valued friends, Mr. George Rawson — 'My recent bereavement, the decease of my much-loved eldest daughter, has been a painful trial. The waters have been *very* deep, but "all is well." I have lost a child and a friend, but another saint has been added to the "multitude before the throne."'

The symptoms of his disorder increasing upon him, it was again deemed necessary, by his medical advisers, that he should have entire rest, and, if possible, frequent change of scene, for at least three months. Part of this time was passed with his eldest son at his vicarage house, at Bradford, Wilts. Under his roof he prepared the Annual Report for the Tract Society, and attended to many other matters of business connected with the Institution. Seldom a day passed in which he did not receive and answer several letters and communications respecting the Society.

Many an interesting reminiscence of this visit of his father to his parsonage is treasured up by the compiler of this memoir.

He was oftentimes deeply depressed in spirits. Two matters principally weighed upon his mind: first of all, his recent bereavement, and then, his

full impression that his work was before very long to be brought to a close.

His conversation often turned on subjects connected with the unseen world. 'I used always,' he said on one occasion, 'to be much afraid of death, but of late God seems mercifully to be relieving me of much of the terror that I once felt. It is only, perhaps, when seen *afar off* that the valley looks so dark. After all, as some one says, it is not *death* but *dying* that the believer has cause to fear.'

At another time he compared our earthly afflictions to the winds and frosts of autumn, which gradually loosen our hold on the things of the world, and detach us like the falling leaves without much struggle from life. He frequently alluded to his fellow workers, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Lloyd, dwelling on the decease of the former and the declining health of the latter, and adding, 'May the three-fold cord be entwined again in another world.' The words of Mr. Stokes, in one of his last communications to him, were often on his mind,—'Pray for me that peace may be continued to the end. I dare hardly hope for it, but all things are possible with God. Our Lord can keep the lion chained. Do not overdo yourself; as Latimer said, "*Your*

staff stands next at the door,—may it long remain there."'

On another occasion we had been walking in the country, and were standing on high ground, gazing on a beautiful scene. The earth looked beautiful in all the freshness and first blush of spring-tide. His love of nature was soon aroused, 'What a beautiful world is this after all, and yet, as it is with a true friend, we seem only to fully appreciate its value as we are on the point of leaving it.' An allusion was made by the writer to its appearance as an emblem of the resurrection, and those striking words of Cowper were quoted,—

> 'A few short months, and all this lifeless scene
> Shall flush into variety again.'

'Yes!' he added, 'a few short years, and this mortal shall put on immortality. The work of His fingers is beauteous, but what must it be to behold His face. Delightful is it to serve Him at his footstool, but how glorious to worship Him on his throne.'

Often as we visit the room which he occupied during his sojourn with us, we picture him with his books and papers around him working at the Society's Report. He loved to gaze from his

window on the beautiful and peaceful scene before him. The river gliding softly below, spanned at a little distance by its old romantic bridge, and the rocky steep ascending beyond, crowned with its tiny forest of fir and brushwood, were features which gave charms to the landscape. As we gaze upon the prospect from the same spot from which he so often looked upon it, we think of that brighter scene beyond the stars which he now beholds in the eternal kingdom.

After leaving Bradford Mr. W. Jones went to Brighton, where he staid for two months, deriving much benefit from the sea-breezes. He was able, on his return to town, to resume his duties at Paternoster Row; and we had reason to hope, that his valuable life might yet be spared to us for a longer period than at one time we had dared to anticipate.

In August 1852, Mr. W. Jones was appointed by the Committee to visit the continent, in company with Dr. Marriot, of Basle, in furtherance of the objects of the Tract Society. He looked forward with great delight to a tour through Switzerland, the beauties of which he had long desired to see. 'Next week,' he says, writing to a friend on July 30, 1852, 'I leave town for Switzerland and Germany. I intend to combine business and health. Accompanied by Dr. Mar-

riot, of Basle, I visit our leading societies in the countries I have named. My medical friends hope that the tour will establish my health. I use the means in humble dependence upon God.'

The various incidents of this journey, and the information that he collected together with reference to the tract cause, were published in successive numbers of the 'Christian Spectator.' Before setting off on this journey, the issue of which he felt was known only to God, he 'set his house in order.' All his testamentary arrangements were finally made, and he committed himself and all his concerns into the hands of a merciful and loving Father.

In his diary have been found a few memoranda of his interview with the Committee, before starting on his continental trip. They are too nteresting to be omitted.

'1852, August 3. I left home this morning at 7, for a long, and I hope, a profitable journey. I commit myself and all the members of my family to the gracious care of Him who has been my God and my Guide all the days of my life. May we meet again in peace!

'At 8 o'clock I met the Committee. Immediately after the minutes were read, I stated the arrangements that had been partially made by

Dr. Marriot. I requested instruction. Resolutions were passed giving me authority to visit the places mentioned by Dr. Marriot, and any others we might think proper. Just as I was leaving for Chevalier Bunsen's, the Prussian ambassador, who had most kindly invited me to breakfast previously to my starting for Germany, Mr. Sandoz made a few very kind remarks, and suggested special prayer in my behalf. Mr. Green, the oldest member of the Committee present, was requested to approach the Throne of Grace. His prayer was indeed kind,—it was melting. I felt much overpowered, and could not address the Committee afterwards. All took an affectionate farewell. Oh! how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren thus to dwell in unity. The conduct of the Committee has always been most affectionate, but never more so than on this occasion.'

He derived much apparent benefit from his continental tour. For some months after his return, the dangerous symptoms which caused us so much anxiety were materially modified. In March 1853, however, they re-appeared, and convinced us that though held for a time in abeyance, the active principles of disease were working gradually and surely within. The advice of an eminent physician was sought, and his

opinion was clear and decided. He felt that there was a confirmed disease of the heart, and faithfully told members of his family that Mr. W. Jones's work was well-nigh over. He strongly insisted on the importance of his abstaining from every scene of excitement, and desisting as much as possible from all laborious efforts.

Though unwilling, for the love he bore the Society, to contemplate the possibility of his retirement from active duties, he had now a stronger impression than ever that his days of pleasant toil in its behalf were rapidly drawing to a close. He felt that though he might have a respite for a time, yet that his was 'a sickness unto death.' The very conditions imposed upon him by his medical advisers seemed, in his moments of depression, to be an indication that it was his duty to resign a position, the duties of which he was no longer able to fulfil. The great kindness of the Committee, however, from time to time disarmed him of all his scruples. When unable to go to Paternoster Row, he worked for the Society at home. Hardly a day passed, even whilst he was confined to his house, in which he did not write several letters or transact some business for the Institution.

It was whilst he was thus depressed, under

the consciousness that his work was well nigh over, that he received the intelligence (April 1853) of the removal of his much loved friend and fellow-labourer Mr. W. F. Lloyd, who, some years before, had been compelled from ill health to retire from his active duties in connexion with the Society. It was to him a token that his own days also were numbered. The 'threefold cord' was well nigh disentwined. Who could tell *how soon* the three friends, who so long and so zealously laboured together on earth, might be re-united in a better world?

There were many lesser incidents, almost unnoticed at the time, upon which we now look back as indications of the strong impression that occupied his mind that his pilgrimage was well nigh finished. The subjects of his conversations and of his letters were, to a great extent, on topics having reference to the unseen world. Great too was his anxiety to complete all matters of business in which he was either a trustee or executor. Papers and documents that had from time to time been entrusted to his care were now returned to their owners. He wished as far as possible to disentangle himself from all earthly cares, that so he might await with patience the will of his Heavenly Father.

It was now too that he clung more than ever to that Word of God which alone can comfort us in all our tribulation, He had always loved that Word, but never did he seem to realise more completely than *now*, the psalmist's expression—'In thy Word is my hope.' 'It is very instructive,' says Dr. Wardlaw, 'to see how minds of the largest grasp and mightiest power, when they come to the hour of trial and final decision, when passing through the valley of the shadow of death, anticipating eternity, and conflicting single-handed with the last enemy, have recourse to the same simple elements of Divine truth that are the springs of peace to the very weakest of the babes in Christ.'[1] As 'the greatest and the least stand on the same ground of condemnation, they must stand also on the same ground of acceptance;'—'each when he comes to the test of a dying hour is shut up to the simplicity of "the faithful saying."' The Bible was the *one* book to which Mr. William Jones clung as he saw the eventide of life drawing on apace. He was latterly accustomed to read with a pencil in his hand, and mark any passage that particularly struck him. To many there is a double mark—they are almost invariably some of God's

[1] See the whole passage quoted in 'Reminiscences of George Stokes, Esq.,' p. 61.

merciful promises to be with his servants even to the end.

A straw shows the direction of the current. Just so, very trifles denote the bent of the mind. Let any one read the following passages of Holy Scripture, all of them especially marked as below in Mr. W. Jones' Bible, and they will perceive how clearly his thoughts were directed to another world into which he was soon to enter.

'My soul followeth hard after Thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.'—Psalm lxiii. 8.

'Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.'—Psalm xviii. 35.

'Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.'—Psalm lxviii. 19, 20.

'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'—Psalm lxxiii. 24—26.

'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.'—Phil. i. 21, 23.

'For indeed he was sick nigh unto death: but God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow.'—Phil. ii. 27.

'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Phil. iv. 19.

'Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.'—Heb. vii. 25.

How clearly do such texts as these show the thoughts of his heart—thoughts which were beautifully embodied in a hymn which, towards the close of his life, was always sung in his family every Sunday evening before retiring to rest, and the third stanza of which he would often quote as truly sublime in its simplicity.

'Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

'When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

'Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

'Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.' [1]

The course of this narrative will have shown our readers that next to the Religious Tract Society, the well-being of Surrey Chapel occupied a chief place in Mr. W. Jones's affections. With this place of worship he had now been connected for more than forty years. It was most natural, therefore that on the retirement of the Rev. J. Sherman from his office as minister of the chapel, he should feel much anxiety concerning a successor. Mr. W. Jones was deputed, together with a co-trustee, his old and valued friend Mr. Churchill, to go down to Hull in February, 1854, to request the Rev. Newman Hall to accept the vacant post. Great was his satisfaction at the successful result of his journey when again he saw 'Surrey settled with a minister.' Increasing illness prevented him henceforth from often

[1] He repeatedly towards the close of life asked one of his daughters to play and sing Mendelsshon's beautiful air in the oratorio of Elijah, adapted to the words, 'O rest in the Lord, wait patiently on Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.'

visiting the chapel, on account of its distance from his residence; and, when thus hindered, he commonly attended the ministry of the Rev. C. Kemble, at St. Michael's Church, Stockwell. Most truly, however, did Mr. Newman Hall express his feelings towards Surrey Chapel, when he wrote to him, in a note received a few weeks only before his decease, 'I know that you are one of those who, whether amongst us or detained at home, never cease to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem."' And most deeply did he and his family appreciate the kindly affection that could add,—'It is your happiness to feel in a Father's hand, and to have a Father's house to step into the moment when it is most desirable, when further continuance here would be of no further benefit to you. It is well that our times are in his hand. I am sure if it were not so, we should keep *you* out of heaven longer than you would like.'

As months passed on, and his attacks became more frequent and severe, he was often compelled to remain at home instead of going to Paternoster Row. Though he was still working for the Society during all seasons of alleviation from suffering, yet his great anxiety was to be at his post. Often have we seen him standing at the window, watching the public conveyances as they took one

after another of his neighbours to their respective places of business, and sighing that he was debarred from that privilege himself. Especially on the Tuesday morning, when the Committee meeting was held, did he feel the privation. His own description of these happy meetings in the 'Jubilee Memorial'[1] shows that he had good cause to regret his constrained absence from them. He once said to his eldest son, when referring to his weak and precarious state, which compelled him at times to forego the privilege of being present at the meetings of the Committee, that he was now fully able to enter into the meaning of Mr. Townsend's beautiful remark under circumstances not altogether dissimilar—'It is hard to give up working in the service of *such* a Master.'[2]

[1] See 'Jubilee Memorial,' pp. 66, 69.

[2] 'A beautiful incident in reference to Mr. Townsend is mentioned in the life of the Rev. John Campbell: Finding him on Tuesday morning, shortly before his last illness, leaning on the balustrade of the staircase that led to the Committee-room of the Tract Society, and scarcely able to breathe, I remarked: "Mr. Townsend, is this you? Why should you come in this state of body to our meetings? You have now attended them for a long time, and you should leave the work to younger men." The reply of Mr. Townsend was worthy of his character. Looking at his friend, with a countenance brightened and elevated by the thought that was struggling for utterance, his words were, "O, Johnny, Johnny man, it is hard to give up working in the service of *such* a Master." '—*Jubilee Memorial*, p. 59.

It was in the month of April, 1854, that his disease assumed its most fatal form, and in the following August his family were gathered round him to receive his blessing, and bid him their long farewell. To the surprise of all he rallied, and was enabled, as soon as the violence of the attack had abated, to share with his *entire family* the participation of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was indeed a solemn season. He was deeply affected. When we rose from our knees, he tried to express his thankfulness for so great a privilege, and his earnest hope that it might be a prelude to our assembling, as an unbroken family, at the marriage supper of the Lamb. He could, however, utter but a few broken sentences. The effect was too great for his enfeebled frame, and he could only find relief in tears. Several times afterwards, he referred to his enjoyment of this sacred season.

Thankful for these merciful respites, he was nevertheless fully aware that every attack was gradually wasting somewhat of his remaining strength. As life seemed to be drawing nearer to its close, his family can recall the many occasions in which the flame of affection seemed to kindle the more brightly towards them. It was now that he told them in all simplicity the tale of his life, and dwelt thankfully 'on all the way

which the Lord had led him in the wilderness.' So habitually did he practice self-renunciation, that much of it was unknown, some even till after his decease, to his own children.[1] He felt that much vanity was displayed by those who would often dwell on the success which God had vouchsafed to them, and were tempted at times to heighten the back ground of early life, in order to throw out in bolder relief the position to which they had in after years attained. He spoke of himself as the 'child of Providence,' who had been led from step to step, often by 'a way that he knew not,' and by 'paths that he looked not for.' And to Him, who all along had been his Guide and Friend, he ascribed all the glory.

The feelings that were uppermost in his mind, are well described in letters, which, about this time, he wrote to his eldest son. 'I am anxious,' he writes (August 30,) 'to send a few lines to

[1] An instance of this habit of self-renunciation occurred a short time before Mr. W. Jones' decease. In an interview with the Rev. Newman Hall the conversation turned on the life and labours of Rowland Hill. He was able to give much information of an interesting nature in reply to Mr. Hall's enquiries, both from personal recollection, and also from the Memoir which he had written. Shortly after Mr. Hall's departure, he was asked by his daughter, 'Why did you not give him a copy of your Life of Rowland Hill? I think he would have been pleased.' 'My child,' was his reply, 'how could I be *so vain* as to present him with a copy of my own work?'

congratulate you on the return of your birth-day, which, I remember, will be to-morrow. I am truly thankful that your life and health have been mercifully preserved to the present time, and my fervent prayer is that you may still long be spared for the benefit of your much-loved family, and the parish over which, in the good providence of God, you have been placed. For myself, I can now truly assure you, that, whether in health or sickness, the great privilege is to be constantly prepared for all the will of God. I am glad to say that in health I continue about the same as when you left. At least I am easier, and that is a mercy. I leave the future entirely with the Lord. He is able to restore, or He is able to sustain. My old verse still suits me,—

> "Father, I wait thy daily will,
> Thou shalt divide my portion still;
> Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
> Till death and heaven reveal the rest."'

Again writing, November 23, he says,—'I continue to enjoy, *for me*, a good portion of health. I am, however, obliged to "rejoice with trembling." Sometimes I feel depressed, but generally calm and happy. The good people at the breakfast table this morning, were in a state of surprise when I joined them,—they heard notes of praise from some one coming down stairs. Well, *I*

ought to offer up loud notes of praise, for "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." I was humming, as I left my room, your dear wife's favourite Psalm,

"My soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name,"—

'Your church-chimes, she once told me, struck up this beautiful tune just as your last-born entered the world. I hope this will be the song of our families, until the praises of earth are exchanged for the songs of heaven.'

The last letter that he wrote to his eldest son, was dated March 8th. He says in it, 'There are times when I feel much depression. Accustomed as I have been to an active life, the quietness of home all day, and day after day, and week after week, is distressing to me. My heart is much too active, the pulse is at 90 instead of 70, and so I am compelled to avoid all excitement. I am cut off from all intercourse with friends, but I have no cause for complaint. I have *many, many,* blessings. The beautiful words of the Psalmist should be my daily song, "He crowneth me with *loving* kindness and *tender* mercy." Sometimes I feel these words. I wish at all times to sing them without a faltering note.'

After many lesser warnings, he was seized with a violent paroxysm on Friday morning, the 9th

of March. He had just completed the foreign part of the thirty-first Report which he had written for the Religious Tract Society. The attack was most sudden, and from it he never rallied. The heart continued in a state of almost unabating palpitation, and every moment seemed often to be his last. It pleased God, however, to lay upon him protracted suffering. Day after day showed greater weakness, and his once strong and powerful frame was by degrees shrunk and withered into the helplessness of infancy. The dropsy following, as the natural result of the disease under which he suffered, caused him great and increasing distress. 'What a time would *this* have been for turning to God,' he once exclaimed, when suffering under acute pain, and a sense of exhaustion for which no skill of man could find a remedy.

It was now that he requested an interview with Mr. Saffery, who had succeeded him as travelling secretary of the Tract Society, in order that he might hand over to him the manuscript of the annual Report, as far as he had finished it, and communicate his views to him as to what was requisite for its completion. With great clearness and self-possession, though in much weakness of body, he imparted all necessary information respecting it, and indicated his views as to the

character of the resolutions which should be submitted to the annual meeting. He then said with much solemnity, '*There may be one fact more* to be added to the "Home Proceedings." He alluded to his own decease, which he felt was near. Well was it remarked that 'the ink was hardly dry in his pen, ere the writer of the Report was called to his rest.' To the very last he 'devoted his sinking energies, and proved his unabated affection to a cause which had become endeared to him by a connexion of more than thirty-five years.'

It was not often, during the latter part of his illness, that his mind was sufficiently collected, so constant were his sufferings, to bear decisive testimony to the Saviour; but his family are cheered by the recollection, that through a long life of energy and devotion, men had taken knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus. It was their constant privilege to witness his lips moving in silent prayer, while his frequent use of the shorter Litany in the service of the Church of England showed how he had learned with the Publican, that God's mercy in Christ and his own unworthiness, should be the absorbing topics of his dying contemplation.

He frequently asked that short passages of Holy Scripture might be read to him. More than once he expressly selected the 23rd Psalm, in

which the love of the Good Shepherd for his chosen flock, even to the end, is so beautifully portrayed. The 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel was another portion of God's word in which he found especial comfort; he would pause awhile at 'the Great Intercessor's prayer,' 'Father, I will, that they also whom thou hast given me, *be with me where I am*, that they may behold my glory.' When portions of the 8th Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans were read to him, he added, with deep feeling, 'No condemnation, — no separation.'[1] Once in his brighter moments, when every cloud seemed to have passed away, he asked that there might be read to him St. John's glowing description of the heavenly Jerusalem;—his whole face was lighted up with holy joy as we read, 'And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God

[1] In his 'Brief Account of the Rev. Theophilus Jones,' is found a passage which probably suggested this remark:—'He was anxious at all times to lead believers to live in the enjoyment of their privileges, taking care to show that only believers were entitled to the consolations of the gospel. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, and who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," was a subject he loved to dwell upon. How frequently would he exclaim, "Oh! what a chapter is the eighth of the Romans; it begins with 'No condemnation,' and ends with 'No separation.'" '

himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'

It was often a source of deep pleasure to him to listen to the recital of stanzas of some of his favourite hymns. One in particular was often repeated to him, a composition by his revered minister, the Rev. Rowland Hill, seldom surpassed for beauty of expression, or true Christian lowliness,—

'Dear Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would himself to Thee resign—
A worm by self and sin possessed,
That pants to reach thy promised rest.

'Thou sayest Thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be,
Like new-born babes or helpless sheep,
Completely stayed, dear Lord, on Thee:
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on Thee, the promised rest.

'Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
Oh may my heart, by Thee possessed,
Know Thee to be my promised rest.[1]

[1] Of this hymn, after quoting the two remaining stanzas, Mr. W. Jones says, in his Life of Rev. Rowland Hill (p. 571):—'No one acquainted with

It has been already intimated, that from the nature of his disease, he was seldom able to enter into conversation even with his beloved wife or children. It may often be observed, how mercifully God deals with his people according to their several necessities. When, during life, the lips may have been closed, even though the heart may have been deeply impressed, he enables the dying saint to break through the restraint in which he has been held, and to bear full testimony to his love for the Saviour. On the other hand, when a life has been dedicated to his service, and we may indeed cherish 'a sure and certain hope' of the acceptance of a dying saint, God will often show us, in the utter helplessness of man, how entirely, from first to last, in Him alone is our help to be found. In the case before us, there was far more of trust than of triumph in the closing scene. Our much-loved father was privileged with none of that thrilling feeling of joy and triumph, which some

Mr. Hill can read this hymn without seeing before him the image of the writer in his happiest moments, when his mind was sweetly and graciously subdued by the power of the Divine Spirit. If I am asked for a description of Mr. Hill when "it was well with him," I should just read this short composition. It possesses the pathos of the excellent man when he left the footstool of mercy and immediately ascended the sacred desk.' Truly remarks Mr. Sidney, 'The hymn entitled "A Prayer for the Promised Rest," was, he considered, the best he ever wrote: it has been repeated with a holy joy by many of his flock in the approach of death.'—*Life of Rev. Rowland Hill*, p. 216.

dying believers experience. He entered heaven in the garb of a lowly pilgrim, leaning, simply and wholly, on the arm of his loving Guide and Saviour. 'Do not,' he once said to his son, 'put a long inscription on my tomb-stone. Write only, "*Gone home*,"—or "By grace are ye saved through faith."'

Like other men of God, he endured more than once bitter conflicts with the powers of darkness. They can never be forgotten by those who witnessed him at the time. On one of these occasions it was indeed bitterness to behold him. After a period of extreme restlessness and mental pain, he turned to his youngest son, who sat beside him, and said, 'May I not *now* say I am forsaken?' A reply was given simply in the words of the promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' 'No,' he added, 'I must not say so;—God never forsook any of his children but *one*, and *that was his well beloved Son*.' In a moment the cloud seemed to have passed, and his tongue was loosed for the most beautiful, though broken, utterances of hope and affection. It was at this time that he spoke of Surrey Chapel, the only time indeed that his thoughts were expressed on any subject excepting such as immediately concerned himself and his children. Mistaking his youngest son for Mr. Hall, he exclaimed,

'Oh! I have always loved Surrey, and I will love it, and work for it till my last breath.' After a brief interval he became fully conscious that it was his son who was sitting beside him, and said, 'This is a bitter school for you, but it will be a useful one: you must learn in this how to preach to your people. It seems hard for flesh and blood to endure these dreadful attacks,—but *it is all right.*'

He felt it to be a signal blessing that circumstances permitted all his children to be with him, to assist their devoted mother in ministering in turn to his every want. To them, indeed, it is no little privilege to feel that no stranger-hand was needed to supply his necessities. If grief he had at leaving the world it was at the thoughts of being separated from his wife and children. He once enumerated those of his children—three in number—who had preceded him to a better world, and his countenance was lighted up with a heavenly glow, as looking upward he seemed almost to behold them bending from their thrones of glory to greet a father's entrance into the everlasting habitations—'Let us all be together,' he would say, 'at the last; wife,—children,—grandchildren; we *must* be an unbroken family in heaven.'

Life was now ebbing fast away. Several times

we were summoned around his couch, expecting every moment to be his last. On one of these occasions, a few days only before his decease, the scene was indeed solemn and affecting. It was at midnight;—we stood watching with intense anxiety that quick convulsive movement which we deemed the immediate precursor of dissolution. The commendatory prayer was offered; 'We humbly commend the soul of this, thy servant, our dear *father*, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour; most humbly beseeching thee, that it may be precious in thy sight. Wash it, we pray thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before thee.' To our joy he rallied once more, and to our inquiries as to his feelings, especially with reference to that unseen world into which he was so shortly to enter, he murmured, simply and beautifully, '*Peace.*' 'Though we may be parted from you,' said his son to him, 'yet it will only be for a time; you will soon join those of us who have gone before to a better

world, and we, who are left behind for a while, hope, through the same Saviour, to inherit the like blessedness. Meanwhile it is a joy to us to think that we are all here to receive a *father's blessing.*' At the last expression he seemed to acquire strength for the effort, and, with upraised hands, as the patriarch, 'blessed his household;' 'The Lord bless you—and keep you;—the Lord be—very merciful unto you;—the Lord—make his face—to shine upon you;—the Lord—give you peace—now—henceforth—and for ever. Amen.' He added a few words of solemn counsel to his much-loved wife and each of his children, according to their several needs. To his two sons who had been called to the office of the Christian ministry, he spoke, in particular, with deep feeling, urging them to pray for grace, that they might be 'faithful even unto death,' in making known among their people 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

During the last three days of his life, he was comparatively free from pain, and slept a considerable part of the time. This was a merciful change from the previous part of his illness, when many nights were passed with less than an hour's rest. Whenever he was awake, however, even to the last, his senses retained their full perceptions. He fully knew that he was a

dying man, and, indeed, often said so. At one o'clock in the morning on which he died, he took his son's hand and pressed it, and, with his own accustomed smile, bade him farewell for awhile. After this he spoke but little, and then only to ask for water for his parched mouth. No further indication of immediate death, or indeed of any decided change for the worse, had been noticed, and he fell, as was supposed, into an ordinary sleep about half-past three o'clock;—but from that slumber he never awoke. His wife and son were sitting near him in the usual positions of watching. At half-past four they perceived a slight alteration in the breathing;—it gradually became less audible;—on listening closely with the ear, they found that he had sunk away into the stillness of death. He had 'fallen asleep in Jesus;'—the spirit had fled to its everlasting rest.

On the 12th of April, seven days after his decease, his remains were interred at the cemetery at Norwood. In the choice of his last resting-place, his own wishes, previously expressed, were followed. Devout men carried him to his burial. Christian friends of all denominations—representatives of the Tract Society—of Surrey

Chapel—of other institutions with which he had been connected—joined his children in bearing him to the tomb, and rendered willing respect to his memory. In the Cemetery Chapel many more were collected together. The service was impressively read by the Rev. W. W. Champneys, Canon of St. Paul's and Clerical Secretary of the Tract Society. Many there present felt how truly it was 'in sure and certain hope' that we committed his body to the tomb.

Our fore-fathers called the saints' resting-place *God's Acre*. Doubtless into the mind of more than one who stood around that grave entered the consoling thought, that in that hallowed spot at least we had dropped one seed which should hereafter blossom abundantly to the glory of God, 'when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality.'

THE END.

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